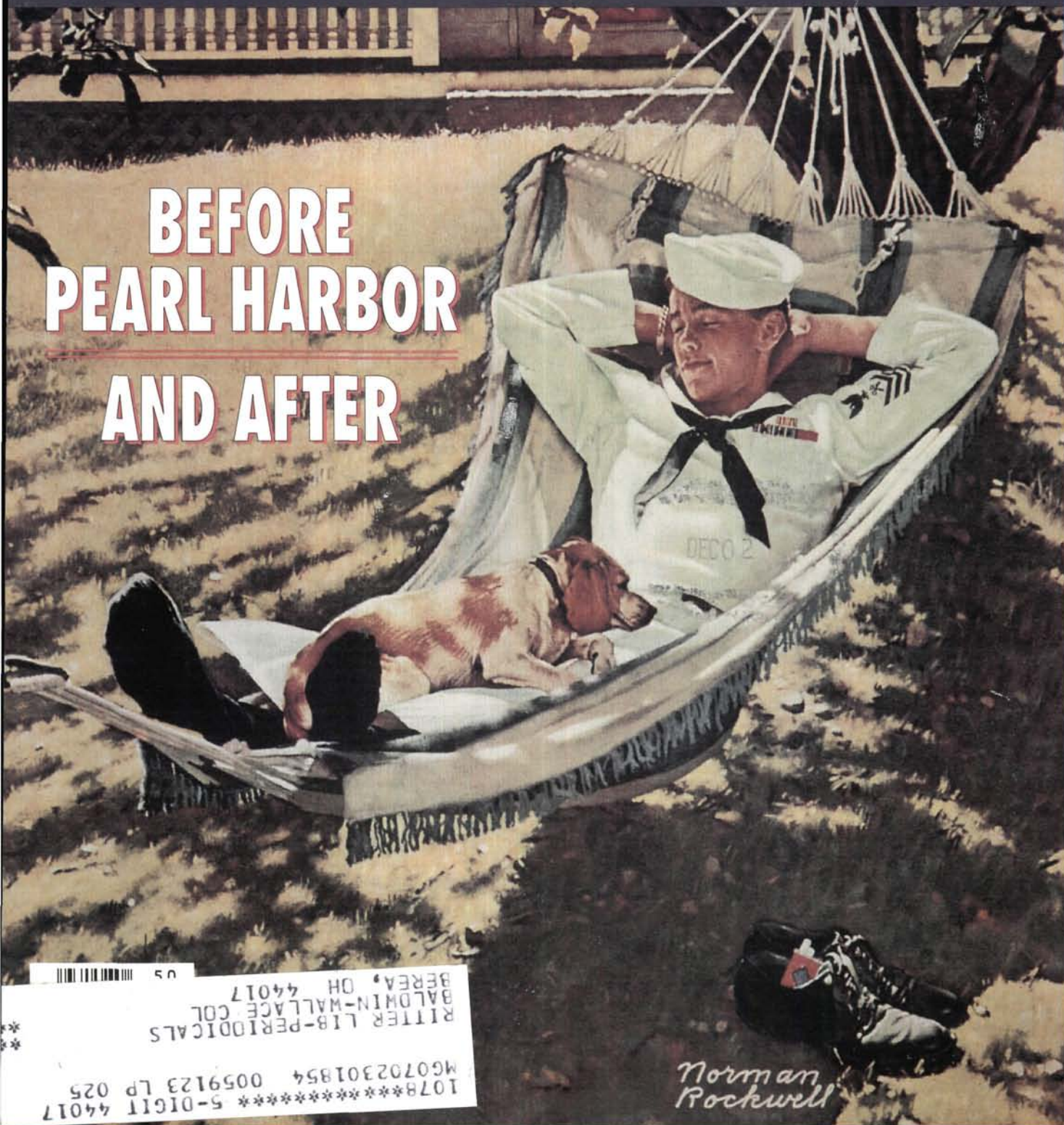


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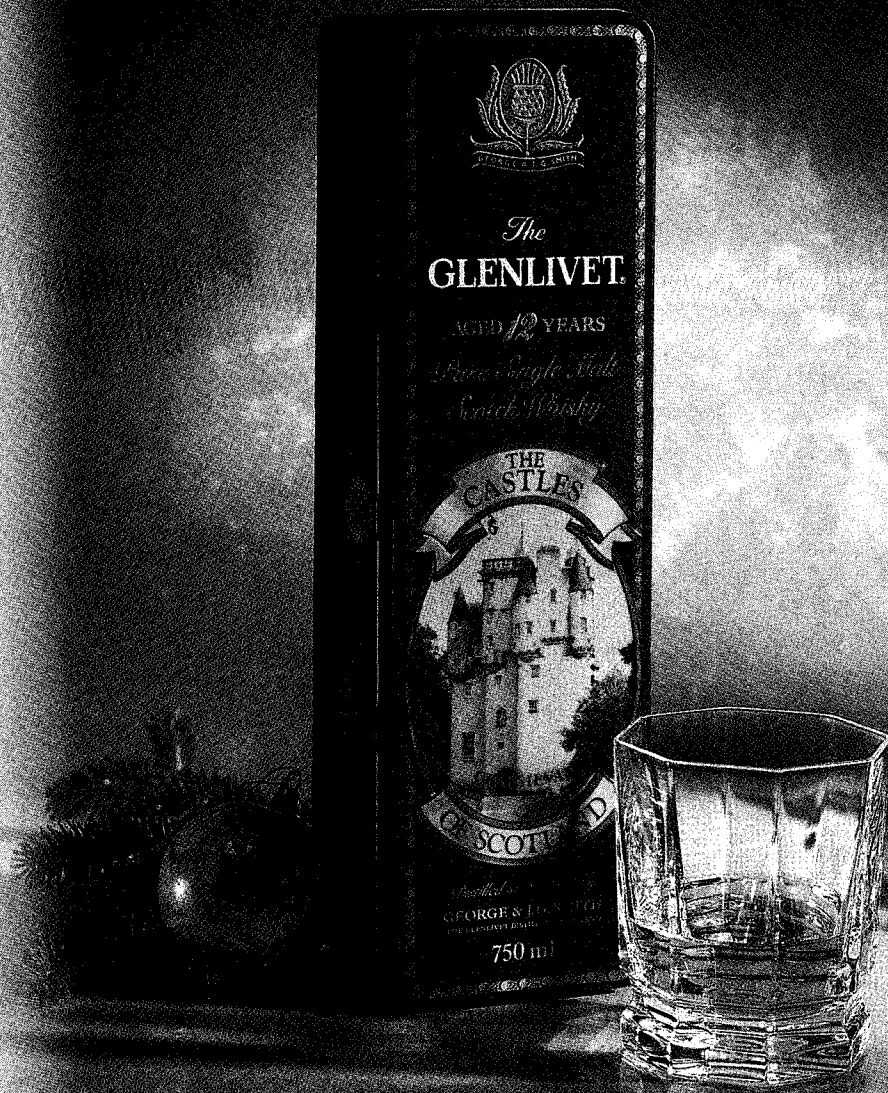
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ALBERT BIERSTADT

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Affairs of the Heart Association

Ed Rubenstein poses the question: "Do Americans get what they pay for when they give to charity?" ["Right Data," Sept. 9]. In an effort to shed some light on the subject, he cites a June 1990 study by the Washington, D.C.-based Capital Research Center—a study that contained misleading and inaccurate allegations against the American Heart Association, the American Cancer Society, and the American Lung Association.

The American Heart Association's priorities are research, public and professional education, and community programs. Last year the AHA committed \$78.2 million (31.8 per cent of expenditures) to research. Other than the Federal Government, the AHA provides more money for heart- and blood-vessel research than any other source. The association also allocated 32.8 per cent of its expenditures to public and professional education, and 14.1 per cent of expenditures to community service, including the training of four million Americans in basic and advanced life-support courses. Only 13.1 per cent of expenditures went to fundraising and 8.2 per cent to management and general costs. Those allocations easily meet the National Charities Information Bureau's standards for nonprofit organizations and ensure that the AHA is in very healthy standing with its volunteers and donors.

And there is good news in the human stories behind these numbers. Because of the work of the AHA's 3.2 million volunteers and the generosity of even more Americans, progress is being made in reducing the risks of heart and blood-vessel diseases. U.S. age-adjusted death rates for heart attacks declined 48.2 per cent from 1964 to 1987. And similar death rates for stroke dropped 58.6 per cent for the same period.

There are some questions that NATIONAL REVIEW readers should ask: both the Capital Research Center and the author of the study, James T. Bennett, have refused to answer allegations that the study was financed by the tobacco industry. It is curious that the targets of Bennett's study are the three health organizations that have been most visible

in promoting a tobacco-control health agenda (that agenda was the main focus of Bennett's study).

W. Virgil Brown, MD
President
American Heart Association
Washington, D.C.

Dr. Brown accuses the Capital Research Center of inaccuracies, yet fails to identify a single one. And for good reason: the AHA's own 1990 Annual Report supports the Center's findings. It shows that 57 per cent of the Association's total expenditures consisted of employee compensation, rent, travel, and other overhead expenses. Dr. Brown disingenuously confuses the bureaucratic costs AHA incurs to support heart research with the amount actually spent on such research. —ER

Unsung Hero

As someone who worked with Dick Darman every day for the last two and a half years, I have some idea of the frustrations he and others in the Administration felt after reading Warren Brookes's article on Darman's performance as budget director ["Dead Wrong Again," Oct. 7]. Too often those in the Administration are attacked by well-meaning, intelligent conservatives who have no understanding of the responsibility those in government have to keep our system afloat nor do they have any sense how our government really works.

Since the article appears to be the kickoff of a get-Darman campaign, I will not try to refute every erroneous use of numbers or the outrageous comparisons Brookes makes between the federal budget in Bush's first term and the budget during the Reagan Administration. However, I would like to make two points regarding the most glaring defects and omissions in Brookes's analysis.

First, Brookes gives Darman the total blame for whatever growth in regulations there has been in the Bush Administration. Specifically, he is blamed for whatever regulatory burden the Clean Air Act produces and generally for whatever environmental regulations have been created. Darman's efforts to inject reason into the Clean Air Act, the Global Warming debate, the Antarctic Develop-

ment Ban Treaty, etc., have been considered heroic by many in the White House. When it comes to environmental regulatory zeal, Dick has been part of the solution, not part of the problem.

Second, and most importantly, albeit sadly, Mr. Brookes's essay, like every other recent bit of analysis of the budget deficit, never mentions the words Medicare, Medicaid, or entitlements. The budget-deficit problem has very little to do with defense spending, foreign aid, or discretionary domestic spending (these are the categories dealt with in the 1990 budget agreement). The bulk of the problem lies in the \$1-trillion annual welfare payments (i.e., Medicare, Medicaid, and entitlements, totaling nearly 70 per cent of the budget) that are outside the scope of any budget discipline.

Richard Darman has never received the credit he deserves from conservatives. He has always shouldered real responsibility and never had the luxury of living and commenting in the safe, smug world of hindsight and pontification.

Ed Rogers
Washington, D.C.

What Was, Is Still

I cheered after every paragraph of Florence King's piece on the corruption of the social order by the euphemisms of the Sensitivity Industry ["Bastard Means Hollywood Agent," Nov. 4].

However, right in the middle of her recommendations to "make *drunk* a noun again," to "call drug addicts *dope fiends*," and to scrap "significant other" and "relationship" in favor of "*shacking up*," she goes on to say, "we can re-educate [the New Euphemists] to the mature and sophisticated pleasures of the discreet affair." Isn't "discreet affair" an old euphemism for adultery? Looks to me like Miss King inadvertently revealed her own brand of sensitivity.

Anyway, God bless her.

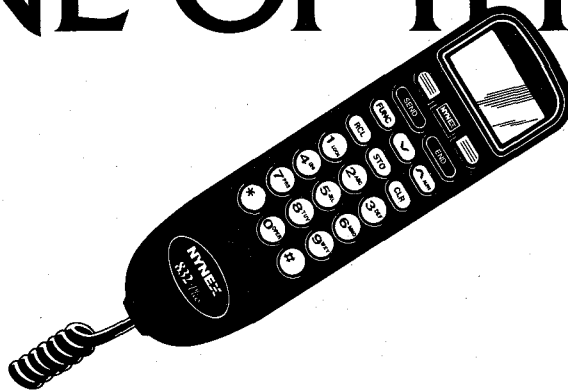
Hal Munn
Alhambra, Calif.

Get the Right Buckeye

Shirley Robin Letwin says "the governors of both Ohio and Maryland recently commuted the prison sentences of a number of women convicted of killing or assaulting men on the grounds that women were living 'in a constant state of danger of death'" ["Law and the Unreasonable Woman," Nov. 18]. Please put it on record that that was ex-Governor of Ohio Richard Celeste, a Kennedy liberal, not the present governor, George Voinovich, a conservative Republican.

Jerry Bernstein
Powell, Ohio

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FROM THE EDITOR

Race and Sex Again

■ It is now an Article of Faith among liberal mediapersons that Willie Horton was invented by Lee Atwater as part of a racist campaign that stole the 1988 election.

The facts, as excavated in a forthcoming column by Warren Brookes, are somewhat different. To begin with, the Massachusetts newspaper that broke the Horton story got a Pulitzer Prize for it. Brookes took it up just before the primary in Maryland (where Horton's second victims lived) under the headline: Two Votes Dukakis Won't Get. And this alerted the first politician to use the Horton case against Michael Dukakis: Democrat Al Gore in the New York primary.

When R. Emmett Tyrrell reported this recently, a *New York Post* reporter objected that Gore had not raised "the Willie Horton issue," merely "the Massachusetts weekend prison furlough program."

But this is a distinction without a difference. All that it might mean is that Gore did not say Willie Horton was black. But the Republicans never mentioned Horton's race either.

They didn't need to. Their focus groups showed voters swinging heavily away from Dukakis to Bush when given all the details of the Horton case other than his race.

It was *Time* magazine which revealed that Horton was black by running his photograph. And it was the Democrats who then highlighted the case's racial aspects in order to deter the Republicans from exploiting it at the time and to delegitimize their victory in retrospect.

When I recited these facts to a liberal journalist recently, she flatly refused to believe them and showed signs of great emotional distress.

A *Doctor Writes*: It is a mistake to argue with those suffering from *Obsessio Hortoniensis* (in popular lingo, Donaldson's Disease). Willie Horton is only a symptom. He may remind them of their father. Or they may have been sexually abused as children—these

days, everybody seems to have been. Plenty of rest is advised. But fluoride is not the answer.

■ Funny, you don't seem to hear presidential aides being patronizing about Ronald Reagan these days. Heigh-ho. President Bush is hardly enjoying the best of reputations at the moment, but opinion polls suggest that he would beat all the declared Democratic candidates next November, losing only to an unidentified candidate. Americans would apparently prefer to be governed by whoever comes next out of a revolving door than by the assorted governors and senators now parading for their attention.

The reason is plain. The candidates look as though they wouldn't say "Boo" to a gay. Nor would they.

Take Senator Kerrey's joke about ex-Governor Jerry Brown and the lesbians—please. It takes a special kind of context to make Governor Brown seem an entirely serious person. But when someone told me the joke, a mood of deep melancholy descended on me. I quite understood Governor Clinton's dignified refusal to reveal whether or not he had laughed. This joke was no laughing matter.

But the suspicion persists that Governor Clinton was silent for the same reason that Senator Kerrey apologized. They were frightened of lesbians.

Well, one sees their point of course. But Presidents should surely be made of sterner stuff. Here was a marvelous opportunity for Mr. Kerrey and Mr. Clinton to show the American people that they weren't going to be pushed around by a bunch of girls. Instead, Kerrey started re-examining his attitudes and Clinton looked vigorously into the middle distance.

Not that it's done them any good with the gays. A spokesman for Queer Nation remarks of Kerrey: "At this point he's kissed any support from the gay community goodbye."

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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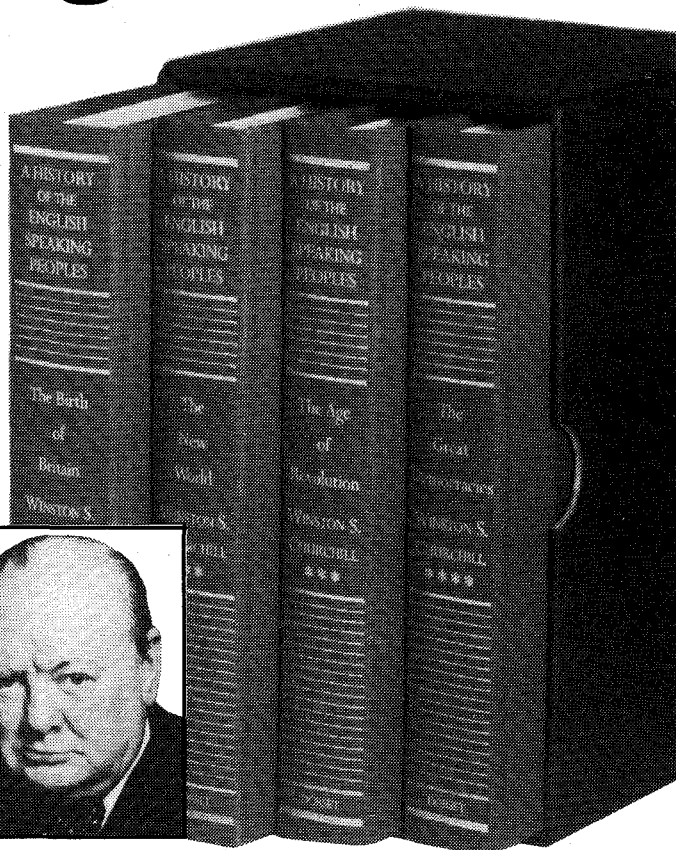
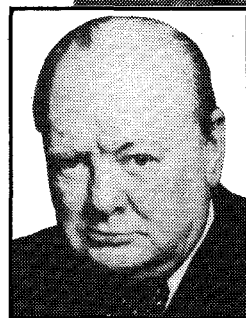
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■ Has **Mario Cuomo** waited too long? Two things came out of the Chicago meeting of Democratic state chairmen: 1) Gov. **Bill Clinton** of Arkansas emerged as star of the cattle show; 2) no one seemed to miss Cuomo. **Evans & Novak** report it was "hard to find a supporter [of Cuomo] here. The consensus: 'Forget it, Mario!'" . . . **Sam Barone**, executive director of Ohio Democratic Party, argues that Clinton will play better in Rust Belt than Cuomo in South. . . . And **Ed Martin**, executive director of Texas Dems, concluded: "At this meeting he [Clinton] was head and shoulders above everybody else. If anyone tells you different, they are partisan." . . . Other Chicago appraisals: Sen. **Tom Harkin's** old-line liberal rhetoric brings Democratic crowds to their feet, but it may turn off more voters than it turns on. . . . Nebraska Sen. **Bob Kerrey's** pitch was better received. He could do well, say the pros, in South Dakota primary, which follows New Hampshire by a week. Harkin, as an Iowa native, would be expected to sweep Iowa caucuses. . . . Cuomo's presidential ambitions taking a pounding back home. Recent *New York Times* poll on three Northeastern governors found Cuomo with approval rating of 37 per cent; roughly one out of three New York voters likes him. He did better than Connecticut's **Lowell Weicker** (23 per cent approval) and New Jersey's **Jim Florio** (26 per cent), to be sure, but they're not considering a presidential run. . . . The new business-oriented CHANGE-NY continues to ride herd on Cuomo's performance. Its latest release shows New York State spending up 106 per cent since Cuomo took office in 1983, compared to inflation of 42.6 per cent. It also reveals federal grants to New York increased by 123 per cent since 1983, despite Cuomo's complaints that federal cutbacks are responsible for New York's fiscal blahs.

■ GOP presidential developments:

Christian Science Monitor political analyst **Everett Carl Ladd** scoffs at common wisdom that '92 will be fought primarily on domestic issues. "Of all the pumped-up, hyped-up, silly ideas floated in recent campaigns, the argument that foreign affairs takes a back seat to domestic is easily the most ludicrous," says Ladd. . . . **Pat Buchanan's** move toward challenging **George Bush** in New Hampshire primary setting off flares. Former Sen. **Gordon Humphrey**, now a New Hampshire state legislator, denies reports that he will support Buchanan. "I disagree with Pat on foreign policy," says Humphrey. "I am not an isolationist." . . . But former **Nixon** White House operative **G. Gordon Liddy** is delighted: "Pat's going to win. I'm going to see to it. I don't care where I have to break in." . . . Fact that **Robert Teeter** and **Roger Ailes** played major part in shaping disastrous **Richard Thornburgh** senatorial campaign against Sen. **Harris Wofford** in Pennsylvania could have negative impact on their position on Bush campaign team. . . . AFL-CIO President **Lane Kirkland** made a point of praising Wofford for voting against giving Bush "fast track" au-



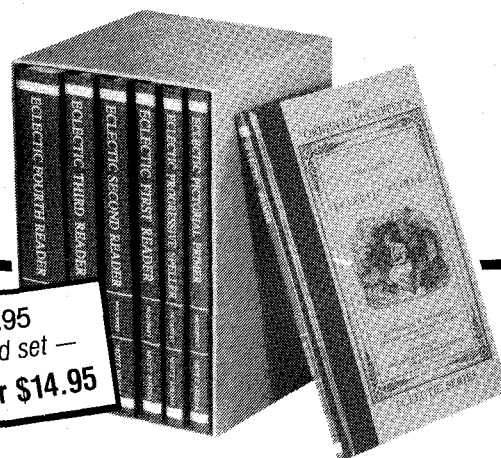
"I must say it's nice to see more women in senior positions in business."

thority on U.S.-Mexico free-trade agreement. Labor intends to make protectionism a major '92 election issue.

■ U.S. Communist Party has finally found its new hero in Soviet Union. Its organ, the *People's Weekly World*, carried long interview last week with former Soviet dissident **Roy Medvedev**, who is trying to organize the Socialist Party of Labor as a successor party to the CPSU. "We describe ourselves as heirs of the CPSU," says Medvedev. "We will accept all party cards. We will preserve all party cells." Medvedev expects three million people to join his new party. . . . Marxist theoretician **Sidney J. Gluck** believes Chinese Communists have handled liberalization better than their Soviet comrades. He writes in *PWW* that the "relative timing of *glasnost* and *perestroika*" in the Soviet Union was not "thought through in practical and theoretical terms as the Chinese seem to be doing." One cheer for Tiananmen Square. . . . *PWW* is also appalled at consequences of banning of Communist Party in Soviet Union, in story headlined: "CP BAN IN RUSSIA PAVES WAY FOR UNDEMOCRATIC RULE." . . . At recent USIA conference in Washington, Dr. **Jorge G. Castaneda**, University of Mexico, reported the defeat of Communism has had a "devastating effect on the Left" in Latin America. He urged the U.S. to let Cuba "fail on its own." . . . Freedom House reports that with possible exception of South Africa, Indonesia, and China, Cuba under **Castro** has held "more political prisoners per capita for longer periods than any other country." . . . In Prague, Finance Minister **Vaclav Klaus** tells it like it is. "The third way [a mixed socialist-capitalist economy] is the fastest way to the Third World," he says. "We are not interested in the market socialism dreams of the leftist liberal economists on the East Coast of the United States. Right now, the main obstacle to our development is ideological infiltration from the West."

■ Federal Reserve Chairman **Alan Greenspan** returned from visit to Moscow with good news and bad. The bad is that the Soviets are churning out new rubles as fast as they can; the good is that their antiquated presses are making a slow job of it.

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THE WEEK

■ Slogan for the Democrats? "Let George do it."

■ One of House Majority Leader Dick Gephardt's contributions to last year's budget agreement was federal excise taxes on luxury items like yachts, furs, and jewelry—a move calculated to raise \$1.5 billion through 1995. Instead, a November 20 report by the Republican staff of Congress's Joint Economic Committee finds the tax has already cost America 7,600 jobs in the boating industry, 1,470 in the aircraft industry, 330 in jewelry manufacturing, and "unquantifiable lost jobs" in jewelry retailing. And given lower-than-projected tax revenues (higher costs have meant less demand, and therefore fewer luxury items to tax) and tax-spawned unemployment costs, GOP analysts say the tax's net effect in FY 1991 was a loss of \$9 million. While Congress and Mr. Gephardt are not renowned for noticing the obvious, simple politics could seal the tax's fate. By crippling the boating industry, a major employer in Maine, it has committed the blunder of harming Senate Majority Leader George Mitchell's constituents.

■ Watch for the rhetorical effort to link Pat Buchanan and David Duke together in a nascent, and menacing, "far Right." A. M. Rosenthal of the *New York Times* led the charge, with a column about "the Dukes and Buchanans" profiting from "social diseases that are the historic breeding grounds of bigotry and Fascism." But White House aides aren't above playing a variant of the same game, hinting that Buchanan has a "Duke-type message." The obvious answer to Rosenthal is that he ought to be able to distinguish between a Nazi and a non-Nazi. However, the wider strategy isn't aimed solely at Buchanan, but at conservative Republicanism in general. The taxonomic revisionists want to assert that the problem with Duke is not a noxious past which he has opportunistically cloaked in mainstream views—opposition to reverse discrimination and taxes—but the mainstream views themselves. Once they tie the fascist-by-association label on Buchanan, the next stop is George Bush, who, after all, won the 1988 election by campaigning on those views. Which makes it strange that the White House should be helping the argument along—except that nothing this White House does is strange.

■ Back when Dick Thornburgh first announced for the Senate, Republican consultants aplenty vied to drop their snouts into the campaign trough. But now that Mr. Thornburgh lost precisely because he followed the advice of the expensive consultants he hired (a confidential post-mortem by Roger Ailes's associate Greg Stevens notes that "the candidate, it seemed to us, more than anyone else, deferred to our judgment"), the rats are deserting the yacht. Both Roger Ailes and Bob Teeter are busy putting distance between themselves and the Pennsylvania disaster; Teeter was even quoted in the *White House Bulletin* as saying he was only an "informal advisor." Certainly there was nothing informal about the checks they received. Ailes had a \$250,000 retainer and a share of the media buys that probably brought his total take to the half-million mark, while one top GOP official characterizes the invoices for Teeter's services as "unparalleled." Of course, if you measure campaign involvement by actual time in the trenches, both men are right to assert that their involvement was largely pro forma. When Harris Wofford and other Democrats hire James Carville, they get James Carville, living, eating, breathing the campaign where the campaign is being run. When a Republican hires Roger Ailes, he gets a lieutenant while Mr. Ailes stays in New York. If we are going to lose, can't we at least do it more cheaply?

■ Congressional Democrats are sending a crime bill to the White House, daring George Bush to veto it. The bill extends the death penalty to terrorists, political assassins, and large-scale drug-traffickers. But it refuses to restrict frivolous habeas-corpus filings—a favorite stalling tactic of death-row inmates—and leaves in place the Warren Court prohibitions on the use of evidence collected by the police in the course of searches that were themselves legitimate but where the warrants may not have extended to



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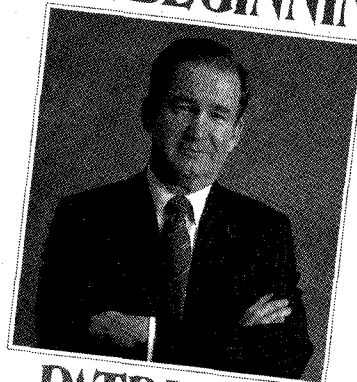
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the evidence in question. Senator Biden, chairman of the Judiciary Committee, doubts the Republicans will want to block a bill that calls for capital punishment. And yet, if the crime bill helps criminals continue to evade both prosecution and punishment—if it helps wrongdoers at both ends of the criminal-justice process—why should Republicans sign on? Voters trust Republicans on this issue, and if they say the bill is not an anti-crime bill, the voters will believe them, and not the party that wanted to treat Willie Horton as a victim.

■ During the Thomas hearings, the media described Anita Hill as a “Reagan Republican” and implied she had no ulterior motive for testifying against the nominee. That myth has now been exploded by Lally Weymouth in the *Wall Street Journal*. After interviewing colleagues and students of Miss Hill at her various posts, Mrs. Weymouth has etched a profile sharply at odds with the media version. Miss Hill is described by those who have known her over the years as “liberal,” a “political activist,” a “militant feminist,” an advocate of racial quotas, comparable worth, statistical presumptions of discrimination, the whole bit. At Oklahoma law school she served as a faculty advisor to a feminist group whose chief activities were Reagan- and Bush-bashing and hysterics about the likely fate of *Roe v. Wade* at the hands of a conservative Supreme Court. In her classes, she would sharply rebuke any student who used politically incorrect pronouns. Otherwise, no doubt, she was a regular Republican.

■ Seymour Hersh’s new book on Israel’s atom bomb, *The Samson Operation*, relies heavily on one tale-spinner, Ari Ben-Menashe, a former Israeli “intelligence agent” best known as a source for the October Surprise. Now Hersh has fallen for another. Joe Flynn, an English prankster who once induced a Fleet Street press lord to part with \$44,250 for a pair of Jimmy Hoffa’s shoes, went to Hersh’s London publisher disguised as a detective offering fresh evidence to back one of Hersh’s claims. Hersh bit, and was later forced to admit that he had been dealing with a con man. Now, if he wants details of Israeli-Contra drug-running, there’s a nine-year-old black heroin addict in Washington . . .

■ Most Communist Parties in the world have fallen on hard times these days—their membership dwindling, their doctrine discredited, their Moscow subsidies cut off. Now comes news that the British Communist Party has been caught red-handed, so to speak, indulging in high capitalism. Internal documents leaked to the *Financial Times* reveal that, in the first nine months of this year, the Party had made \$189,000 from investments in government Treasury and Exchequer Stocks and in the money

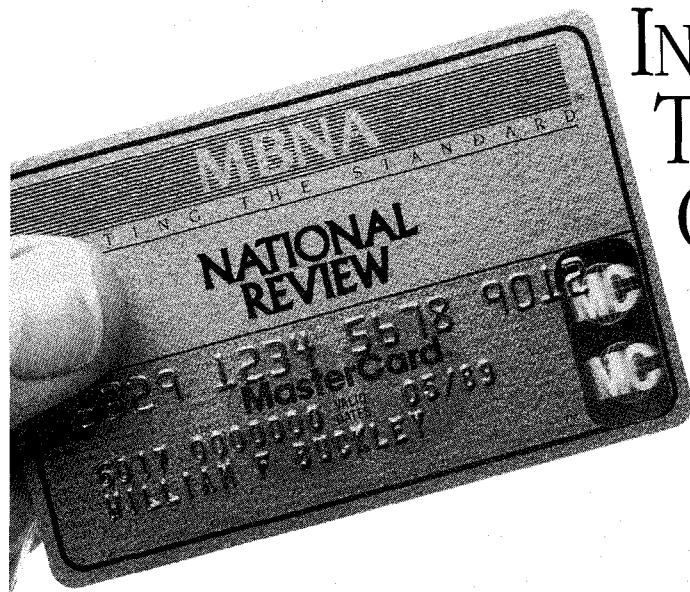
■ Readers may be puzzled to find Aloise Buckley Heath’s annual Christmas piece in an issue that appears nearer to Thanksgiving. The reason is that our next issue, dated December 30 and mailed December 12, will be a special issue devoted almost entirely to an essay by WFB entitled *In Search of Anti-Semitism*, which explores charges and countercharges leveled by various figures on the public scene, including Joe Sobran, Pat Buchanan, Abe Rosenthal, Norman Podhoretz, and Gore Vidal.

markets, and \$81,000 from commercial real estate. Much smaller amounts had come in from membership dues (\$6,600), donations (\$8,900), and other sources. The Party leaders professed to be ashamed at these revelations of profit-making, mitigated only by the fact that the Party’s finances overall were still in deficit (no surplus value here). In a London conference hall a couple of blocks from the British Museum, where Marx labored over *Das Kapital*, they unveiled a new Party name (“the Democratic Left”) and new logo (three people joining hands against a red, purple, and green background). They should have trumpeted their new financial practices as well. With the Tories drifting wetward and Labor mired in ambiguity, a staunchly capitalist party might make real headway.

■ The collapse of the Soviet Union doesn’t discredit Communism “any more than Christianity is discredited by the fact that Jesus Christ hasn’t been seen in 1,958 years.” So writes Jefferson Morley, the fellow who reported a couple of years ago: “as you smoke your second rock, it may strike you that the crack high combines the best aspects of marijuana and cocaine. . . . Reality isn’t real and all that was formerly a possibility is now on the verge of actuality.” A flashback, Mr. Morley?

■ Once again the lions appeared to be getting the better of the Christians. First, basketball great Magic Johnson announced he intended to preach the “safe sex” gospel after testing HIV positive. Then superstar Michael Jackson came out with a new video in which he simulates masturbation. Perhaps to capitalize on the moment, a new brand of condoms called Safe Play will go on sale next year, targeting teenagers as young as 14 years old. Alone among prominent Washington officials, Vice President Dan Quayle has hit the trendy safe-sex set with an old-fashioned call for teenage abstinence. “We should use more than cold, clinical terms like access, cures, and prevention,” he told a meeting of the Christian Coalition at Virginia Beach. “We have to talk about morality . . . the traditional formula of abstinence, responsibility, marriage, and fidelity.” One observer

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who heard Quayle said he sounded more like a father than a politician, which of course he is (two teenage boys, one girl). A few weeks back, we were glad to hear the Vice President lash out against lawyers during the ABA's annual convention. But we suspect that taking on the conventionally impious pieties surrounding the issue of teen sex will earn him even more respect among voters than did his challenge to a special interest like lawyers. (Indeed, coincidentally or not, Johnson has since spoken of abstinence and morality, and Jackson cut four minutes of his video.) Score this one Quayle 1, Lions 0.

■ President Bush in November awarded the Medal of Freedom, our highest civilian honor, to: Ted Williams, the last man to hit .400; diplomat Vernon Walters; economist Friedrich von Hayek; Russell E.

Train, chairman of the World Wildlife Fund; the Reverend Leon Sullivan, civil-rights leader; former House Speaker Tip O'Neill; Hanna Holborn Gray, president of the University of Chicago; Luis Ferré, former governor of Puerto Rico; Betty Ford, for her work in drug and alcohol dependency; and *NR*'s Editor-at-Large [see p. 20].

■ A female director of programming has filed suit against Playboy Enterprises Inc., claiming sexual harassment. Her superiors, says the woman, were in the habit of fondling her during staff meetings, undressing when she turned her back as a surprise "turn on," and requesting sex. Her failure to comply brought a reduction in salary, the suit alleges. We can't help sharing her disillusionment—one expected so much more of the gentlemen at Playboy.

Fortune Favors the Brave

UNTIL the last few months, President Bush's record might—with charity—have been described as mixed. True, he had broken his pledge to hold down taxes in order to reduce a deficit that promptly rose by another \$100 billion. Admittedly, the major reason for that deficit was that domestic federal spending had been increasing by 10 per cent annually in the Bush years—a faster rate than under any other postwar President. To be sure, the revival of regulation, enshrined in legislation like the Clean Air Act, had piled burdens onto an already staggering U.S. industry. But there were some positive achievements on the other side of the ledger: his record of conservative judicial appointments culminating in Clarence Thomas; his principled opposition to abortion; his repeated use of the veto; his opposition to the Democrats' quota politics; and, above all, his skilled and courageous prosecution of the Gulf War. All these persuaded conservatives to give Mr. Bush the benefit of the doubt when reaching an overall verdict on his Administration.

That doubt has dissolved in recent days, and not to the President's benefit. His decision to endorse the quota bill, his echoing of the Democrats' analysis of the November elections as a call for more of the same in national health insurance, his flip-flopping on credit-card interest rates, his collapse before liberal criticism of a White House attempt to reform federal rules on racial and sexual quotas, and his fiscal paralysis have revealed a vacuum where his principles are supposed to be. What we have is a Presidency that drifts this way and that in response both to the constantly changing pressures of the media, the establishment, and opinion polls and to

the nervous calculations of its political strategists.

It has thereby demonstrated that, contrary to conventional wisdom and to superficial cynicism, principles are essential to success in politics. For the rewards of this Administration's determined "pragmatism" are the erosion of Mr. Bush's popularity, the slapstick reputation of his White House staff, the panic of congressional Republicans (illustrated by the appeal of 82 House members that Jack Kemp be appointed Domestic Policy Czar), the disaffection of "outside the Beltway" conservatives, many of whom are urging columnist Pat Buchanan to enter the New Hampshire primary, and the rise of noxious political entrepreneurs like David Duke seeking to exploit the public's legitimate discontents on such matters as quotas, crime, and welfare, which have been ignored by Mr. Bush in his desire for liberal approval and a quiet life. As a result the President has gone from a sure bet for re-election next year to damaged goods in the astonishingly short time since Clarence Thomas's confirmation.

When the Bush Administration took office, *NATIONAL REVIEW* promised that we would be its foul-weather friends and fair-weather critics. We cannot be held to that promise of friendship, however, if the foul weather is of the Administration's own devising. The worst result of current politics would be for conservatives to go down with a ship flying a bipartisan flag. For conservatives would then be held responsible for the failure of liberalism. And that holds true whether or not Mr. Bush wins a second term. If he campaigns right and governs left, the media will ensure that his failures are attributed to conservative gestures and his successes (if any) to liberal policies.

Responsible conservatives, on this analysis, are placed in a painful dilemma. A movement rooted in philosophy cannot make electoral success the sole test of the rightness of action. Unless President Bush makes a major, explicit, and convincing turn to the right, therefore, we can no longer support his Administration. And such a transmogrification seems at present unlikely.

Equally, however, conservatives are engaged in politics and cannot afford the opposite indulgence of making ideological gestures that ultimately damage their cause. We cannot support either a candidate who, like John Ashbrook in 1972, is likely to obtain so little support as to render the conservative cause ridiculous, or a candidate who, like David Duke today, even while winning a large percentage of votes cast, would render it odious.

And we do not at present see a serious conservative candidate on the scene—a Kemp, a Cheney, a Bennett—who would unite all conservatives, prevent legitimate conservative issues from being ignored by President Bush or, worse, tainted by association with David Duke, and mount a serious electoral challenge in New Hampshire and other primaries. Insofar as such potential candidates are restrained by loyalty to Mr. Bush, their restraint is admirable but, in our view, mistaken. Major public questions—such as the health of the American economy—should not be determined by private or even party loyalty. Insofar as they are restrained by calculations about 1996, they are mistaken in a different sense. Whoever runs now against President Bush, whether successfully or not, is likely to have the allegiance of the conservative movement four years hence, exactly as Ronald Reagan had that allegiance in 1980 because he had run against President Ford in 1976. If all of the obvious contenders shrink from the dust, some other figure will emerge to seize the palm.

Which brings us to Pat Buchanan. Mr. Buchanan, one of the most brilliant conservative journalists writing today and formerly a senior aide to both Richard Nixon and Ronald Reagan, seems likely to

From Out of Right Field

New Hampshire, where For Sale signs peel
And bankers stagger like Camille,
Where Muskie wept and Johnson got
The news he didn't look so hot,
Lures Pat Buchanan, spitting nails,
Emitting smoke, and twisting tails,
Though Mr. Bush seems unaware
He's aiming at his *derrière*.

W. H. VON DREELE

announce his own candidacy in the next few weeks. He may already have done so by the time these words are published. If so, we admire his courage and salute his devotion to principle. We might, indeed, go further than that and see advantages in a Buchanan candidacy from the standpoint of cold calculation. It might be an incentive to Mr. Bush to move rightward and win back the conservative support that his present philosophical rootlessness has driven away. Were that to happen, Mr. Buchanan would deserve the thanks of conservatives.

But does he at present deserve their support?

MR. BUCHANAN has many virtues. He is a clear thinker and a bonny fighter. He has brought devastating criticisms of liberalism before a nationwide audience through his columns and his television show, *Crossfire*. He is free of entrenched and fossilized opinions, and, on many issues, he has been among the first to see the emergence and significance of new developments such as the rise of ethnic nationalism in the Soviet Union and Yugoslavia, or the threat posed to American interests by the moves toward a federal European superstate. Underneath the populist veneer of his writing there is a coherent, serious, and even profound set of moral and political views. And they certainly amount to a conservative philosophy. But is it the kind of conservatism that we can or should commend to the American people? For if we cannot do that, we cannot suggest that the voters of New Hampshire cast their ballots on his behalf—however convenient a Buchanan candidacy might be in drawing George Bush to the right or others into the race.

On many issues—taxes, spending, quotas, crime—Mr. Buchanan speaks for all conservatives. His views on these are trenchant, lucid, and correct. But some of his writings raise serious questions about his judgment and his underlying philosophy. Of course, a columnist writing three times a week under the lash of a deadline is not always on oath. Mr. Buchanan, like all journalists, must sometimes wish he could call back the hasty word, the logic gone subtly wrong, the rash epithet, the savage retort. Well, we will give him that opportunity.

Is he or is he not an isolationist? He sometimes claims to be an America Firster. If by that he means that the world's greatest economic and military power can retreat behind the Atlantic, the Pacific, and SDI and cultivate its economy while the rest of the world sinks into a Hobbesian struggle based upon nuclear proliferation and state terrorism, we think that betrays an alarmingly narrow and naïve view of U.S. interests. If, on the other hand, he means rather that the U.S. should pursue a more hard-headed policy of national self-interest, transforming international institutions and existing alliances to suit American interests in the post-cold-war

world, we enthusiastically agree. But how? And with what allies? And with what ends in view? And what would that mean for our present policies toward Japan, the Soviet Union, and, above all, the federal European superstate that may be emerging?

Is he or is he not a protectionist? In recent columns, Mr. Buchanan has seemed to flirt with a sort of America First economics that "considers first the well-being of our own business and our workers." He cites the environmental and other regulations that put American companies at a disadvantage in international trade as justifying a protectionist approach. Does Mr. Buchanan not realize what he is saying here? Namely, that protectionism would make it possible to retain and extend socialist regulations. That is true enough, but—fortunately, in our view—only in the short term. Because the anti-competitive effects of socialism would in time outweigh the modest competitive advantage offered by a tariff, the end result would be both high prices for American consumers and high unemployment for American workers. Had he simply not thought the matter through? And if so, what does he think now?

We will not ask whether Mr. Buchanan is anti-Semitic. This question is explored very thoroughly by our Editor-at-Large in the next issue of NATIONAL REVIEW. We will record our general editorial opinion, however, that although Mr. Buchanan is *not* anti-Semitic, he behaved mischievously in alleging that support for the Gulf War was confined to Israel and its "amen corner" among neoconservatives, and foolishly in failing to apologize for this when challenged. Mr. Buchanan's cheerful pugnacity is one of his most attractive qualities, but he has put it to very bad use

in remaining intransigent on this issue. If he cannot show the elementary tact for other people's feelings on a matter of such sensitivity, or the elementary prudence to see that such tact is essential in a public man, he should ask whether politics is really his *métier*. If he concludes it is, then he should issue a graceful, if late, apology.

Conservatism under Ronald Reagan and Margaret Thatcher became a different animal from the dogged beast of burden of the Nixon years and before. It threw off its post-Depression, postwar pessimism and became a lively philosophy of openness, opportunity, and wealth creation. It broke out of the narrow boundaries of class and region and forged a great national coalition. It ceased to stress the difficulties of action and instead emphasized the possibilities of freedom. And as a result it began to generate solutions to a wide range of problems, some of which conservatives had ignored, notably the problems of the poor, at the very moment when an exhausted liberalism was abandoning them as intractable.

We are far from exhausting the possibilities of freedom. But with Ronald Reagan in retirement, we need a warrior to lead the fight in the event that President Bush continues on his present course. He must, however, be a happy warrior—someone who will argue our case in a spirit of open-hearted inclusiveness, not one of resentful intolerance. He must seek to unite conservatives around a common program, not to purge the movement in the interests of a purist doctrine. Above all, he must not make a prefix the basis of his campaign.

Mr. Buchanan has made his application. It must now be examined. Are there any other applicants?

The Monetary Muddle

WHERE is the economic recovery? Over the past year 13 separate rate reductions have pushed the federal funds rate from 8.25 per cent to 4.75 per cent. But politicians are convinced the Fed is not doing enough. The "credit crunch," we are told, has gravely diminished the efficacy of monetary policy, requiring a more expansionist monetary stance than we've had so far.

Election-year jitters notwithstanding, the facts suggest otherwise. The money supply is increasing reasonably well. M2 is currently growing at a 4.5 per cent rate, adjusted for the distortions caused by people taking money out of banks and S&Ls (which are counted in M2) and investing it in higher-yielding bonds and stocks (which are not). Despite the monetary ease, Alan Greenspan seems committed to policies that will stabilize prices in the long term rather

than stimulate the economy in the short term. The price of gold, for example, has been held to a narrow band around \$350 for the past two years. Little by little the financial markets' trust in the Fed is increasing. This should induce banks to lower their long-term borrowing rates, stimulating housing and other sectors of the economy.

The economy, in fact, is far from collapsing. Third-quarter GNP was better than most people realized. Real consumption rose by a 3.8 per cent annualized rate; business investment rose 6.6 per cent; and investment in durable equipment rose a whopping 17.1 per cent. We panic when unemployment hits 6.8 per cent in a recession, while France, Germany, and Italy are facing higher rates of unemployment even while trying to throttle inflationary booms.

The Fed must be doubly careful now. It is exactly at this point—when the outlines of recovery are too dim to inspire confidence—that the easy-money mistakes of the past have been made. Especially in elec-

tion years. Nor is monetary policy the only game in town. The Administration has delivered the largest one-year tax increase in American history, a rise in the minimum wage, and a significant increase in regulation. Monetary policy cannot compensate for these real economic burdens.

The answer to unemployment and plunging confidence lies with deregulation and tax incentives, not inflation.

Middle East Milestone

AS A DIRECT result of American success in the Gulf War and the cold war, the strategic Middle East, festering for generations, is closer to peace than ever before. For Arabs to sit down face to face with Israelis—first at Madrid, and now in bilateral talks scheduled to start in Washington—is a political and psychological milestone in the Middle East's history. For the Arabs, there is no turning back. By this act, they have reduced the scope of the issue to how Israel and its neighbors are to coexist in the region, instead of whether Israel has a right to exist at all.

The Administration's great success was to have put together the long-sought negotiation between Israelis and Palestinians. The breakthrough was twofold—a solution to the knotty problem of Palestinian representation (a euphemism for pushing the PLO into the background) and a realistic understanding on the subject matter for negotiation (namely, some form of autonomy or self-government in the occupied territories as an interim step, deferring the intractable issues of final status to a later negotiation).

At Madrid, the momentum behind this Israeli-Palestinian negotiation was so strong that the Palestinians were willing to stand up to Syrian pressures—which is the other interesting story from this conference. The Syrians have tried to block progress in various ways. They sought to impede agreement on the venue for follow-on bilateral talks and announced a defiant boycott of the multilateral regional talks that are planned on water, arms control, and other broad topics. But the Saudis and other Gulf Arabs, like the Palestinians, have shown remarkable fortitude in resisting this blackmail. A dozen Arab states are now planning to attend the regional talks with Israel. The strength of the Arab moderates is the hoped-for payoff from the Gulf War and the collapse of the Soviets; the Arab radical phalanx is weaker than ever.

No one imagines that the process will be easy from here on out. In fact, the bilateral negotiations are almost certain to be a messy affair punctuated by deadlocks, setbacks, brawls, and blow-ups—and perhaps less figurative explosions as extremists on both

sides seek to derail the process. For one thing, the PLO may horn in on the negotiations in a way that violates the understandings that put the Palestinian negotiation together. Moreover, the Syrian problem is not yet solved; the bilateral Syrian-Israeli negotiation does not look promising, and Hafez Assad may seek through traditional Syrian means (i.e., terrorism) to restore his ability to intimidate his brother Arabs. Finally, a U.S.-Israeli brawl is possible in a few months' time over Israeli settlements in the territories and U.S. loan guarantees for infrastructure for the Soviet Jewish immigrants. The President is determined to press the Israelis to freeze settlement-building; whether Shamir will do so, or can do so without a political crisis in Israel (which could backfire against us), is not yet clear.

Our provisional success at Madrid, as in the past, has been due not only to American power but also to our unique reputation for fairness and decency. There is no room here for one-sided pressures or for putting at risk the ultimate safety of an ally that has relied on us. Indeed, such a strategy would only risk misleading the Arab players whose newfound realism is the true source of hope.

Left at the Altar

WHAT'S a girl to think? On Friday, President Bush was scheduled to sign into law something we all on principle had once opposed as a quota bill. Those of us who continued to fight against this bill as incompatible with a color-blind society had more or less resigned ourselves to the fact that the wedding was off. But on the morning of the signing it seemed that we were again an item, as the President was planning to accompany the bill-signing with a presidential memorandum outlawing racial preferences in federal hiring, promotions, and procurement. A few hours later we were again left at the altar.

What makes the whole episode so thoroughly annoying is that the original directive the President had intended to sign was more worthy of his signature than the bill it was to accompany. Drafted by White House Counsel C. Boyden Gray, the directive ordered government agencies "immediately [to] terminate all regulations, rules, and programs of whatever nature that may be inconsistent with the new law or with the principle of discouraging quotas and unfair preferences."

As soon as he heard this, Ralph Neas screeched that the President was trying to take back everything he'd given in the bill (endorsement enough for us), and by the time of the signing all the offensive language—that is to say, the guts of the order—had been deleted. Just as telling was the statement by

presidential spokesman Marlin Fitzwater, who said the President reserved the right to issue such a directive at a later date (should he again change his mind). Predictably, this pleased no one. Not Mr. Neas and the rest of the civil-rights establishment, who see George Bush as trying to dupe them at the last moment. Not the Democrats, who say the President only caved under their pressure. And certainly not us, who thought Bush had it right when he was arguing against the bill on principle.

In the immediate aftermath the whole thing was blamed on Boyden Gray, even though sources tell us that the White House counsel had discussed this at least once with the President himself. Indeed, Mr. Gray merits high praise—first, for writing the thing, and, second, for falling on his sword. In an Administration of pragmatists, Gray has been a healthy influence. He is a jealous guardian of presidential prerogatives, an astute arbiter in the selection of judicial nominees, and a source of backbone against liberal onslaughts. He and his talented staff are champions of the Federalist Society, a national movement of lawyers dedicated to our Constitution as it was written, not as it was later embellished.

We hope that when the dust settles, the Administration will recover its nerve on a matter of such importance. The President should have no doubt that the country is against quotas, whatever self-serving uproar the inside-the-Beltway crowd has ginned up. He should stick with Gray.

Medals

ON NOVEMBER 15, Elliott Abrams was formally decorated for valor for his role in holding the line against Communist expansion in Latin America during the Reagan years. You might not have caught this in reading the newspapers, because the way it was reported was that Mr. Abrams was sentenced to two years' probation and one hundred hours of community service—teaching ethics to lawyers—after pleading guilty to two counts of withholding information from Congress.

The Sununu Thing

Like a saddle sore that burns
Docile Dobbin till he turns,
John Sununu
Gives the nicest people fits
In the Oval Office. (It's
Millie's view, too.)

W. H. VON DREELE

The Democrats had finally succeeded in criminalizing Republican foreign policy. Whatever the merits of Ollie North, the arms shipments to Iran, or approaching the Sultan of Brunei on behalf of the Contras, nothing unconstitutional was involved. While the public was rightly upset about sending arms to Iran, what agitated the Democrats and their allies in the fourth estate was the support for the Nicaraguan democratic resistance. Hence the focus on Elliott Abrams. As assistant secretary of state for inter-American affairs in the mid-1980s, he was Reagan's point man in the successful effort to roll back Communism in Latin America.

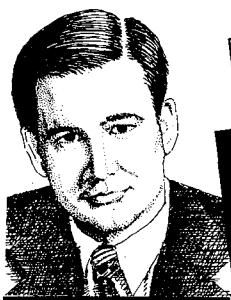
When Richard Nixon's enemies list first surfaced, though there was much wailing and gnashing of teeth we can't recall anyone who suffered much by it. In sharp contrast, Elliott Abrams, John Poindexter, Oliver North, Clair George, et al. have been subjected to a Spanish Inquisition with unlimited taxpayer funds led by Lawrence Walsh, who was still unable to convict anyone of doing anything unconstitutional. What the judge felt about the charges against Mr. Abrams can be guessed from his sentencing him to that unique form of community service. History will record the two misdemeanor convictions rather as we regard Stephen Mosher's dismissal from Stanford, Cardinal Newman's conviction for libel, or Lech Walesa's house arrest: as medals of distinction. In the meantime, Mr. Walsh's victims face mounting legal bills. Donations can be sent to Poindexter Defense Fund, c/o Rear Adm. C. A. Hill Jr., 1322 Merrie Ridge Road., McLean, Va. 22101; and Elliott Abrams Defense Fund, c/o Franklin Abrams, Suite 5330, One Penn Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10119.

Abortion and the Real World

A SERIES of horror stories in New York has demonstrated a paradox: you don't necessarily get rid of illegal abortions by legalizing abortion. One tabloid-shrieker concerns an abortionist, named Dr. Abu Hayat. After availing herself of Hayat's services in the seventh month of her pregnancy, a woman gave birth to a live daughter. Hayat had succeeded only in severing the child's arm.

This grisly story forced even the *New York Times* to take notice, which it did with a long damage-control article on November 24. The piece carefully explained that Hayat's procedure was "illegal," in that late-term abortions are supposed to be done in hospitals and only for the purpose of saving the mother's life. It went on about "sleazy" abortion "mills," as distinct from "legitimate" abortion "clinics," but eventually acknowledged that the state has done little to crack down on operators like Hayat. "All li-

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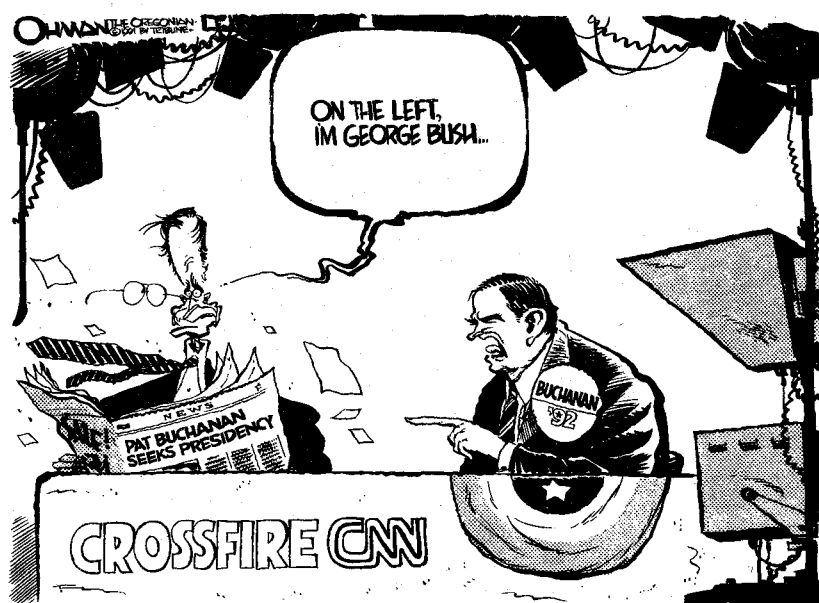
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censed abortion clinics," the *Times* intoned, "are required to have emergency backup plans to take a patient in distress to a local hospital." This is not only disingenuous but macabre: the fetus is not considered the "patient" in an abortion, and there are no "backup plans" to save that which is to be killed.

Meanwhile, a little girl will be growing up with only one arm, a walking emblem of "choice." Someday her mother will face the unenviable duty of explaining what happened to her other arm. Even at that, the girl may consider herself lucky.

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Medal of Freedom Citation
to
WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

William F. Buckley Jr. has long served this Nation as a prolific author and as a thoughtful and insightful commentator on public affairs. His columns, books, novels, and television programs have enlightened and entertained millions with a style marked by grace, an irrepressible wit, and vibrant energy. The magazine he founded, *NATIONAL REVIEW*, is one of America's leading journals of opinion and has greatly contributed to the intellectual foundation of the American conservative movement. The United States honors a man who has given much to this country, a tireless worker in the vineyards of liberty.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley,

Alexis de Tocqueville, in his preface to the 12th edition (1848) of *Democracy in America*, argued that the "principle of the sovereignty of the people" had led America to be "not only the most prosperous, but the most stable of all the nations of the earth." Time has proven him correct. Democracies have provided

safety and order for their citizens; moreover, they do not fight wars against other democracies.

Now in "On the Right" you tell us that there was unrest in Portugal, Spain, and Chile until Salazar, Franco, and Pinochet took charge. Why oh why do you persist in the myth that dictatorships bring order? Dictatorship has provided stability for a few individuals: Salazar, Franco—Pinochet for a while. Meanwhile, Portugal, Spain, and Chile grew weaker.

In 1911, a period of instability began in China. A revolution was followed by a coup, a period of fighting among warlords with independent armies, a foreign intervention, and a civil war. Then Mao took charge. Need I say more?

George Jochnowitz
New York, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Jochnowitz: That's a tough one. Because you have, on the other hand, . . . South Korea, Singapore, Taiwan—enlightened dictatorships that did okay, right? Cordially,
WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley,

Now that Mikhail Gorbachev has disbanded the Central Committee of the Communist Party is there any way we can bring pressure to bear on Democratic National Chairman Ron Brown to disband the DNC and to dissolve the Democrats as a viable political force in this country? It's just a thought.

Respectfully,
Douglas F. Newman
Tempe, Ariz.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley,

Just one durn minute! Before you go throwing rice at the couple who met through a "personal" ad in *NR*, consider the consequences. If this lovey-dovey stuff catches on with *NR* singles, it will put a real dent in circulation.

You don't suppose when they return from the altar they'll *both* renew their subscriptions, do you? They'll share a copy as if it were the toothpaste.

Permit a suggestion. Henceforth, all boy-meet-girl ads might be accompanied by a pre-publication agreement that in the event of matrimony each party will retain an individual subscription to *NR* until death do them part.

Best regards,
(Mrs.) Betty Ennis-LaRosa
Westfield, N.J.

Dear Mrs. Ennis-LaRosa: What a capital idea! . . . Er, do you suppose both Ennis and LaRosa subscribe? Jointly? I hope not. Cordially,
—WFB

The Bush That Stole Christmas

WILLIAM MCGURN

WASHINGTON, D.C. **P**ITY the poor Republicans. At a press conference about a week before Thanksgiving, Representative Vin Weber (R., Minn.) and Senator Bob Kasten (R., Wisc.) again came out swinging in favor of a special tax package that would include capital-gains-tax cuts and accounting changes to revive the languishing real-estate markets, as well as a family-based tax credit. Speaking from the Senate Radio and TV Gallery, they released a letter to Speaker Tom Foley, signed by 109 GOP House members, urging the Speaker not to let Congress recess for Thanksgiving (or Christmas, for that matter) until it agreed on legislation that would take on the recession. "We don't think the Congress should take a vacation when millions of Americans are facing the possibility of celebrating a Christmas without jobs," said Kasten, urging the President to put pressure on Congress.

The reporters all scribbled it down, myself included. But though Kasten and Weber would never admit it, they both knew that their effort was over before it started. About a week earlier, after HUD Secretary Jack Kemp courageously endorsed the Kasten-Weber bill and thumped for a capital-gains-tax cut on national television, the White House Gang of Three—OMB Director Richard Darman, Chief of Staff John Sununu, and Treasury Secretary Nick Brady—had a meeting from which two things emerged. First, Kemp was to be taken down a peg. Second, nothing would be done about the recession until the State of the Union address. The Weber-Kasten bid to have Bush or Foley keep Congress in session was akin to the Battle of



Chris Miles

New Orleans: a good fight, but irrelevant to a war that had already been decided.

The difference, of course, is that Andrew Jackson's victory was redundant because Britain had already conceded defeat. By contrast, Bush hasn't yet begun to fight. With Americans worried about keeping their jobs, maintaining the value of their homes, and not losing their health insurance, public wrath against the tax-and-spend Congress is at an all-time high—precisely why Republicans were asking Bush to go on the attack. Instead, the Gang of Three held firm, making the President appear as if he doesn't give a damn about ordinary Americans.

"What Bush should have done is go out and say, 'Hey, I know you're hurting, and so I'm going to cancel all my trips and hold Congress's feet to the fire and keep them in until they pass something I can sign,'" says former National Republican Congressional Committee Co-Chairman Ed Rollins. "Instead, Bush has made it worse by getting up there and telling people the recession is over."

Indeed, the Gang of Three sound like Soviet commissars talking about meeting their November widget quotas while their citizens are waiting on bread lines. Listen to Richard Darman warning against action now because "in the general public's mind there's a ritual, a rhythm of renewal . . . to the State of the Union." Or John Sununu, telling *MacNeil/Lehrer* that the President spends "75 per cent of his time" on the economy, and "when you spend that much time on it and you start asking for recommendations, you'll find that there is not a consensus out there, and that is one of the things that's making it very difficult." Or Nick Brady, another one who sounds as if he's being coached by Yogi Berra: "This is something we've been through before, and it always looks dark at the bottom of a recovery." No wonder there were grumbles aplenty and unfavorable allusions to Gerald Ford's WIN ("Whip Inflation Now") campaign, as Republican members were bused over to the Capitol Hilton to hear the President tell them all was well.

"This is the equivalent of Nancy Reagan's buying that expensive set of china during the last recession," says one senior Bush Administration official. "People are reading this as 'George Bush is a rich snob and doesn't care about us,' but that really doesn't get at the man. It's more a *no-blesse oblige* thing: the idea that people like us don't panic, people like us are not weathervanes. In a war that works fine. In a recession it comes across as callousness."

In fairness to the President, some of the most vocal tax-cutters on the Hill are fair-weather friends. Bush's great fear is that even if he sends up a good package, what he will get back from the Democratic-dominated Congress is something like this: capital-gains-tax cut watered down to nothing, a "millionaire's tax" (which would kick in at \$250,000), and a new tax bracket of 38 per cent for, say, incomes of \$90,000 and above—all in exchange for some token cuts in the middle brackets and more spending. In such a case, Bush knows a number of Republicans cannot be counted on to hold the line.

The worry is legitimate, but Bush underestimates his own strengths; this gloomy scenario assumes a President unable to shape the public debate. However much he may be worry-

Mr. McGurn is NR's Washington Bureau Chief.

ing about Democrats coming back with a bad economic program, the Democrats are at least as worried that he will successfully paint them as tax-and-spenders, as he did during the 1988 campaign. Were he to go on the offensive—to lay out his program, say what he will accept, and threaten to veto anything else—the best guess is the Democrats would cry uncle. It's not as if he's without weapons: this is a President who has just had his 24th veto sustained.

"I have never understood this timidity toward Congress," says Gary Bauer, domestic-policy advisor under Ronald Reagan. "You send up a growth package and if they turn it into an income-redistribution program, you've got your '92 campaign all wrapped up neat and tidy."

"But Bush has to take it to the people like Reagan did, to go on national TV, to pound his fists on the table and tell them what he won't stand for."

That's exactly what the President has not done, and despite all his talk about improving communications he gives no indication he intends to. At meetings with the congressional leadership, for example, time and again he points out, "Well, I made that point in my speech Thursday"—impervious to the idea that instead of making the point to an association of CEOs he should be doing it on the national airwaves. In this vacuum, Republicans who do send out the right message are deemed traitors by Bush's goon squad. On the morning of the Kasten-Weber press conference, Sununu called Weber first to thank him for his help on sustaining the President's veto on the Title X abortion vote and then to berate him for challenging the President on the economy.

What the President's men don't seem to realize is that he (with their help) is doing it to himself. The Kasten-Weber press conference was a graphic illustration. Although Weber tried valiantly to focus the blame on the Democrats—noting several times that the House had not given "one minute of consideration" to Bush's proposals—the entire press corps wanted to know only one thing: If this was such a good Republican proposal, where was George? "Doesn't George Bush understand the urgency of the situation?" asked one. "Aren't you trying to provide leadership the President isn't providing?" Another asked:

"Hasn't the President made it quite clear that he disagrees with you?" What can you answer?

Right now, the White House is banking that the economy really has turned the corner. There are two problems with this. First, if it has started to recover, it's weak, and even if we did get a real growth package through it would take time for its effects to kick in. And any growth package the President does promote will be unconvincing until he signals he is serious by either sacking Brady, Darman, or Sununu or at least stepping away from last year's budget debacle. So long as the official line is that the budget mess was an achievement, the President remains handcuffed.

The more serious political problem is the lag between a genuine improvement in the economy and when the public perceives it. Mary Ellen Jensen

of the Wirthlin Group, the pollster of record for the Reagan Administration, noted that a majority of Americans listed economic concerns such as inflation and unemployment long after the recession had in fact ended. "We didn't measure any drops until December 1983," says Miss Jensen, "well more than a year after the recession ended."

Whether or not the economy is improving next fall won't mean a thing for Bush's re-election if the voters don't feel it. At a private dinner on Capitol Hill sponsored by *The American Spectator*, Representative Stephen Solarz (D., N.Y.) listened to all the gloomy scenarios put forward by various conservative journalists and said it made him feel much better about being a Democrat. "The way things are going," he joked, "a year from now it could be Saddam Hussein still in power and George Bush out." □

Godfather Fidel

MARTIN AROSTEGUI



Chang Park

AS HIS FLIGHT from Havana to Moscow refueled at Madrid one morning in October, Cuban army major Luis Galeana slipped out of the transit lounge for his prearranged connection with agents of the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration. He was quickly whisked out of Barajas airport and taken to a nearby safehouse; within 48 hours he had departed for the United States.

This is a highly sensitive defection for Cuba and a hot one to handle for the DEA. Galeana is carrying fresh ev-

idence implicating Castro in narcotics traffic at a time when the ex-dictator of Panama, Manuel Antonio Noriega, is standing trial for the same offenses in Florida. Castro has already proved that he is ready to go to any lengths to keep the information from becoming public, and the government of Spain, which maintains important diplomatic and commercial ties with Havana, would rather avoid embarrassing him. Just a few years ago, an attempt by Cuban embassy thugs to kidnap a fleeing Cuban diplomat on the streets of Madrid met with nothing more than a mild protest by the Socialist government of Felipe González.

A hermetic silence has been kept

Mr. Arostegui is a freelance journalist specializing in paramilitary affairs.

over the defection of Galeana. A veteran of the war in Angola, the major had been planning his move for several months, becoming a DEA asset when he was assigned to the section of Cuba's Interior Ministry responsible for Castro's personal security. While guarding the 26 villas which Castro reserves for his own use, Galeana came upon intelligence concerning shipments of refined cocaine entering Texas and Louisiana via Cuba over the past two years. This time frame is vital because it was in 1989 that Castro tried to clear himself of drug-smuggling charges by pinning the blame on Galeana's former commander in Angola, General Arnaldo Ochoa, and 13 other Cuban military officers who were executed after a much publicized trial in Havana. Galeana brought six microfilms out with him which also contain some important military information.

With the impending withdrawal of Soviet armed forces from Cuba and the ending of subsidies to the Cuban economy, the Castro regime is being unrestrained in its pursuit of the new patrons it needs to keep alive. Cuba may be not only expanding its role as a trans-shipment point for drug deals but for arranging with China to sell nuclear secrets to the Middle East as well.

In its first open defiance of the Soviet line at the United Nations, Cuba was one of the few countries to back Saddam Hussein during the Gulf War. It is now revealed by a group of Cuban exile leaders who visited the Soviet Union and met with Foreign Minister Boris Pankin that Fidel Castro's son, Fidel Castro Díaz Balart, who is a Soviet-trained nuclear physicist, has recently visited Iran. According to the Soviet interpretations of Fidelito's trips, Cuba is proposing to aid Teheran in its development of nuclear technology, together with China and North Korea, in exchange for oil.

China's nuclear sales to Iran have caused serious strains between Washington and Peking. Yet it is hardly ever mentioned that a Soviet-built reactor plant remains in Cuba, and, despite the withdrawal of Soviet technicians, the regime has managed to retain the necessary plans and operational data to keep the facility in service. There is an unconfirmed report that two Chinese submarines are now based at a Cuban naval installa-

tion on the Isla de Pinos. The latest Cuban Communist Party Congress resolved to expand ties with the People's Republics of China, Vietnam, and North Korea, "which like Cuba have chosen the true path towards socialist edification."

Nuclear deals with terrorist ayatollahs and safe harbor for Chinese subs would hardly be surprising on the part of Castro, who during the 1962 Cuban missile crisis advised Khrushchev to launch a nuclear strike against the United States. But hard evidence on Castro's involvement in drug traffic could explode the puritanical image that Castro still tries to maintain as a justification for the degenerating living conditions in Cuba.

CASTRO has been terrified of the kind of U.S. federal indictment which led to the capture and trial of General Noriega, ever since the first Medellín cartel boss to be extradited to the U.S., Carlos Lehder Rivas, pointed to Cuba's role in drug running. Lehder, who is now a key witness at the Noriega trials, declared in public court testimony in 1987 that he had personally met with Fidel Castro to discuss the trans-shipment of narcotics through Cuba.

It was for this reason that Castro went to great lengths to pressure General Ochoa and the officers tried with him in 1989 to confess their guilt in twenty or more drug runs to Florida, stating for the legal record that they had done it for personal gain and without the knowledge or approval of superiors in the Cuban government. How Castro maneuvered his officers into signing their false confessions is told by the daughter of Colonel Antonio de la Guardia, one of those prosecuted with Ochoa. Ileana de la Guardia, who now lives in Paris, says her father told her during her last visit with him in prison that Castro had met with him alone for three hours and given his personal assurances that "nothing will happen to him or to the family" if he toed the line. Colonel de la Guardia was shot by a firing squad the day after his sentencing.

No one acquainted with the totalitarian police state in Cuba could seriously believe that activities on the scale described by the defendants—extensive use of Cuban territorial waters and air space by drug-ferrying boats and aircraft, their refueling and re-

pairs at Cuban installations, use of military radar cover and communications—could go on over a period of several years without the explicit approval and direction of Fidel Castro and his brother Raul, who is Cuba's defense minister. A clear example of the scrupulous fairness of the trials was the presence among Ochoa's judges of Admiral Aldo Santamaria Cuadrado, a member of the Central Committee of the Cuban Communist Party, indicted in absentia by a U.S. Federal Court on November 15, 1982, for supervising the resupplying of ships smuggling drugs to the U.S.

In his courtroom testimony, Ochoa made repeated reference to a "foreign friend" who had proposed the sale and transport of narcotics through Cuba. Castro said, in personal comments following the trial, that it was in Cuba's interest to keep the identity of the "foreign friend" a secret. An operative of Cuba's Interior Ministry who recently left Cuba (Jorge Ricardo Massetti, an Argentine who started working for Cubans when he was a member of the urban guerrilla Popular Revolutionary Army, and who is married to Ileana de la Guardia) positively identifies the foreign friend as a Venezuelan ex-guerrilla leader turned businessman by the name of Luban Peskof. Peskof's ties with Castro date back to the late Sixties, when he started the Cuban-backed National Liberation Army (ELN) in Venezuela.

PESKOF first came into contact with Ochoa when the general had just been transferred from his command of Cuban forces in Angola to coordinate military support for the Sandinistas taking power in Nicaragua. At that time Peskof suggested to Ochoa purchasing arms for the Nicaraguans through a bank account in Panama protected by General Noriega, who doubled for Cuba's intelligence service, the DGI, while working for the CIA.

Like other Cuban-trained guerrilla leaders such as Navarro Wolf of the Colombian M-19, who is now running for president of Colombia, Peskof entered the narcotics trade as a way of becoming politically and financially more powerful. The intelligence and banking connections he already had for purchasing arms and depositing ransoms collected from terrorist kidnappings provided the necessary net-

work for the more profitable drug deals. The reason Castro wants to keep Peskof's name off the record is that he continues carrying out important business dealings with Havana. Peskof was seen meeting with high-level Cuban officials at the time of the Conzumel conference last October 27, when Castro was in Mexico trying to strike an oil deal with the presidents of Venezuela, Colombia, and Mexico.

"The difference between Castro and Noriega," according to one high-level Cuban defector, "is that Castro does not work for the CIA." Since Castro is not as vulnerable to U.S. pressures as Noriega, the drug bosses have looked to him as the more formidable man to reckon with. An aide to Noriega, José Blandón Castillo, whose testimony before a Miami grand jury in 1988 led to Noriega's indictment, says that Castro mediated between the Medellín cartel and Noriega, whom the cartel once even tried to kill because he had bowed to U.S. wishes and allowed the DEA to raid a cocaine processing laboratory in Panama. On one occasion they approached the Spanish Basque terrorist group ETA to assassinate Noriega when he was touring Europe. (This may explain why Noriega was willing to risk U.S. prison rather than accept Spanish offers of asylum.)

A few days after the U.S. military intervention in Panama, during which Noriega was captured, his private yacht, *El Bravo*, carrying several members of his family, was docking at the Hemingway Marina in Barlovento, an exclusive resort outside Havana. Noriega's wife and daughters threw a big bash on the 18-cabin transatlantic cruiser. The guest of honor was Fidel Castro, who pulled up in his caravan of three Mercedes Benzes along with Osmani Cienfuegos, a top member of the Cuban politburo. Also enjoying the champagne and expensive food on board *El Bravo* was Robert Vesco, the fugitive American financier who docks his yacht at the same marina.

At a time when urban bus lines in Cuba are being reduced by 50 per cent, reflecting the oil shortage, and Cuban workers are being urged to buy Chinese-made bicycles, Vesco moves around in a two-car convoy with a security escort provided by the Interior Ministry. It is said that Vesco has paid Castro close to \$1 billion for protection from U.S. extradition charges. Vesco has been in Cuba since Costa Rica

seemed about to cave in to U.S. pressures to hand him over. He is serving Castro in a variety of operations to circumvent Cuba's economic embargo.

AS CUBA's economy decays, the Castro government grows increasingly brutal and corrupt. But the energies of average Cubans are so concentrated on daily survival that they have not been galvanized in a mass movement to topple Castro. The question is how long will Castro's 300,000-man army, most of whom are combat veterans, continue to put up with supporting an outlaw regime? Galeana's defection may in itself be proof of growing disaffection among the ranks of the officers.

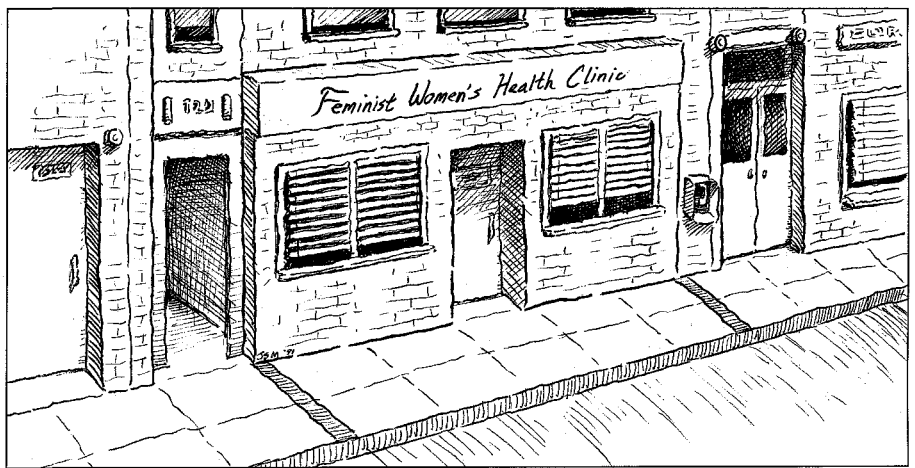
Unfortunately, those in the U.S. who would be in the best position to galvanize opposition to Castro are doing very little. The U.S. State Department is promoting "dialogues" be-

tween *moderate* Cuban exile leaders and the Castro regime to organize a smooth transition. Radio Martí, the radio service set up to broadcast into Cuba, devotes much of its air time to nostalgic radio programs that were popular in the 1950s.

The current lackadaisical and disjointed U.S. approach to Cuba is partly the result of the end of the cold war, with Cuba no longer perceived as a security threat. But Fidel Castro is not going to leave power without a fight, and as long as his regime remains in place we will continue to have problems ninety miles off our shores. A U.S. indictment against Castro on smuggling and other charges could be what is needed to bring about his end. Radio Martí would have to broadcast it, and his army, fearing Ochoa's fate, may be stirred up enough to remove Castro before he betrays any more of them. □

The J Street Five

K. L. BILLINGSLEY



PEOPLE STROLLING down J Street may have been puzzled by two bold pink chalk marks some fifty feet apart. While free speech normally applies on the public sidewalks of the state capital, special rules prevail between these lines.

The space lies in front of the Feminist Women's Health Clinic (FWHC), one of a chain of abortion clinics. According to a *New West* article by Kathy McManus, directors of the feminist clinics "are among the first to avow—

Mr. Billingsley covers California for The Spectator.

proudly—that the clinics are primarily political organizations." One of their job-application forms reads: "Our clinics give us an economic base from which to confront the male power structure to achieve radical social change." The Sacramento branch advertises itself as an "Abortion Birth Control Clinic," and distributes a bumper sticker that says: "Not Every Ejaculation Deserves a Name."

For several years, Don Blythe, Jay Baggett, Murray Lewis, Theresa Reali, and John Stoos would periodically appear outside the clinic to counsel women about alternatives to abortion. The group, dubbed the "J Street

Five," are now defendants in *FWHC v. Blythe et al.*

Before their involvement in this suit, the Five had only a passing acquaintance with each other. They had not been acting in concert. Only one was affiliated with Operation Rescue (OR), and he did not participate in any blockading of the clinic.

"Our behavior was totally within the law at all times," says defendant Jay Baggett. "We scrupulously obeyed the injunctions even though we didn't think they were right." The Five sought only to talk to the women about alternatives and to give them literature offering free help.

PROSPECTIVE FWHC customers would certainly be advised to listen. The medical director of the Sacramento clinic is Dr. Bruce Steir, who describes himself as "a very good physician and a very good abortion provider." In 1985 Steir botched a Caesarean section, leaving a portion of the placenta inside the patient. When the case eventually came before the California Board of Medical Quality Assurance (BMQA), it placed Steir on a five-year probation period for "unprofessional conduct." Under the terms of his probation, he could not perform abortions in a hospital. The state's standards, however, allow him to perform abortions in clinics, where oversight is less stringent.

Steir contended that the charges against him were largely political, proceeding from "right-wing, self-righteous, ex-Alcoholics Anonymous, Catholic—all the things you don't want to deal with when you're an abortion provider."

On July 23, 1988, six days after agreeing to the terms of his probation, Steir perforated the uterus of a patient at a San Francisco abortion clinic. Steir neglected the patient and, according to the BMQA report, "*made no operative report or post-operative report until approximately eight months later*, and this was in response to an investigation" (emphasis in the original). The board charged Steir with "gross negligence."

Steir also left a four-inch piece of wire from a broken surgical instrument in a woman's abdomen and failed to inform her. He also lied about past malpractice while attempting to gain employment at two Bay Area hospitals in 1988. In April 1991, the

BMQA petitioned the state attorney general to revoke Steir's license to practice medicine.

It would seem that the FWHC's paying clients would have some "right to know" such facts. Shauna Heckert, administrator of the Sacramento clinic, is fully aware of Steir's record but has kept the good doctor on staff.

In January 1989, the FWHC applied for a court injunction against the sidewalk counselors. FWHC attorneys sought to have the counselors banished from all areas in the "line of sight" of the clinic. Judge James T. Ford refused that request but banned them from a 51-foot section of public sidewalk.

Three of the Five have not been to the clinic in nearly two years. Two others continued to counsel pregnant women. The FWHC and its defenders were not amused. They baited the counselors, spit on them, and tossed blankets over their heads. Judge Ford, whose wife teaches in the Women's Studies department of Sacramento City College, denied their counter-motion for relief from such attacks.

On July 2, 1991, Judge James L. Long granted a permanent injunction against the pro-life counselors. Long also agreed to consider an FWHC motion for an award of \$136,000 in legal fees. "We're going to take everything you have. We will bankrupt you," Shauna Heckert told defendants Murray Lewis and Don Blythe.

On August 29, Judge Long ruled that "the state has a compelling interest to ensure that a woman has the ability to effectuate her decision within the limits specified in *Roe*, and do so with the least harassment possible." Long thus granted most of the FWHC's request, ruling that the Five had to pay \$99,100 in "private attorney general's fees" to FWHC counsel Mark Merin.

Such fees are normally awarded when a party pursues a case on behalf of a public interest. A party with a financial interest in the case is normally not entitled to such fees, and the FWHC has a definite financial stake in the proceedings. After all, every woman turned away represents a loss of revenue. Tax forms reveal income of over \$2 million for FWHC operations in the area last year.

While the Five were banished from the public sidewalk, pro-abortion forces held large rallies in the same

place. The noise from these demonstrations apparently did not bother FWHC staff or clients. For the Five it was more evidence that the real issue was not their behavior but the content of their message.

The judge refused to admit video and photographic evidence from the counselors. He also refused to consider *Clinic Defense: A Model*, published by the Bay and Sacramento "Coalition against Operation Rescue." A co-author of the manual is Allison Gude, the FWHC's "Clinic Escort Coordinator" and chief witness against the Five. This revealing document provides instructions for "hits" on "ORs." Samples:

—"Even if the sidewalk is 'public,' we've had success at putting enough of us out, early enough, to bully the [pro-lifers] into staying across the street."

—"There are innumerable instances of clinic defenders neutralizing male ORs by shouting, 'Get your hands off me, don't you dare touch me,' all the while they are tugging or pushing OR out of line."

—"Our best work is done before police arrive, or when there are not enough police to prevent us from doing what we have to do. Get in place before the cops can mess with it; establish balance of power early; do key acts requiring physical contact as much as possible before cops have enough people to intervene."

—"Singing goddess songs while they do their Hail Marys is a lovely way to affirm an alternative view of appropriate religious activities."

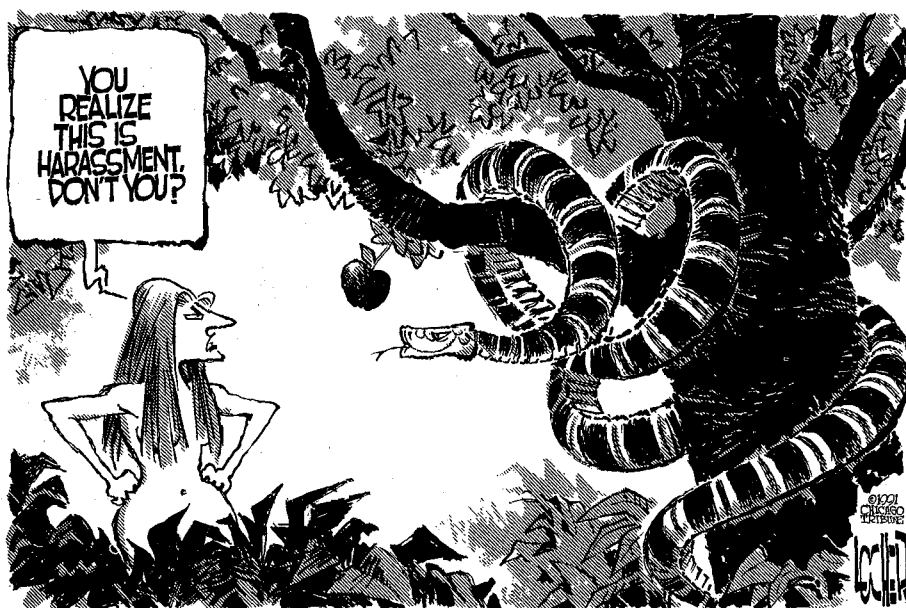
Besides the usual boilerplate ("fascist p--k," "f--ing bitch," "KKK," "Bircher," etc.), the clinic escorts have chanted such lines as: "The goddess lives here in my body," "Masturbation can be fun," and "Jesus was an olive-skinned gay Jewish healer."

THE FIVE have appealed the monetary award. FWHC attorneys threaten a move to collect the fees immediately unless the defendants post a \$200,000 bond. Michael Imfeld, attorney for the Five, perceives a chilling effect on free speech if those involved in lawful activity can be threatened with damages in this way.

Jay Baggett reports that the chalk marks have been replaced with "permanent" strips of tape. The lines have been drawn and the case could go all the way to the Supreme Court. □



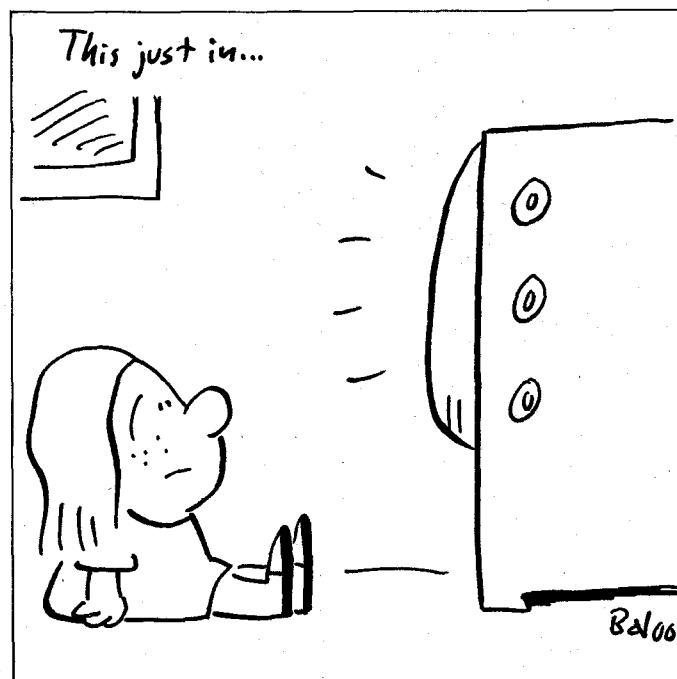
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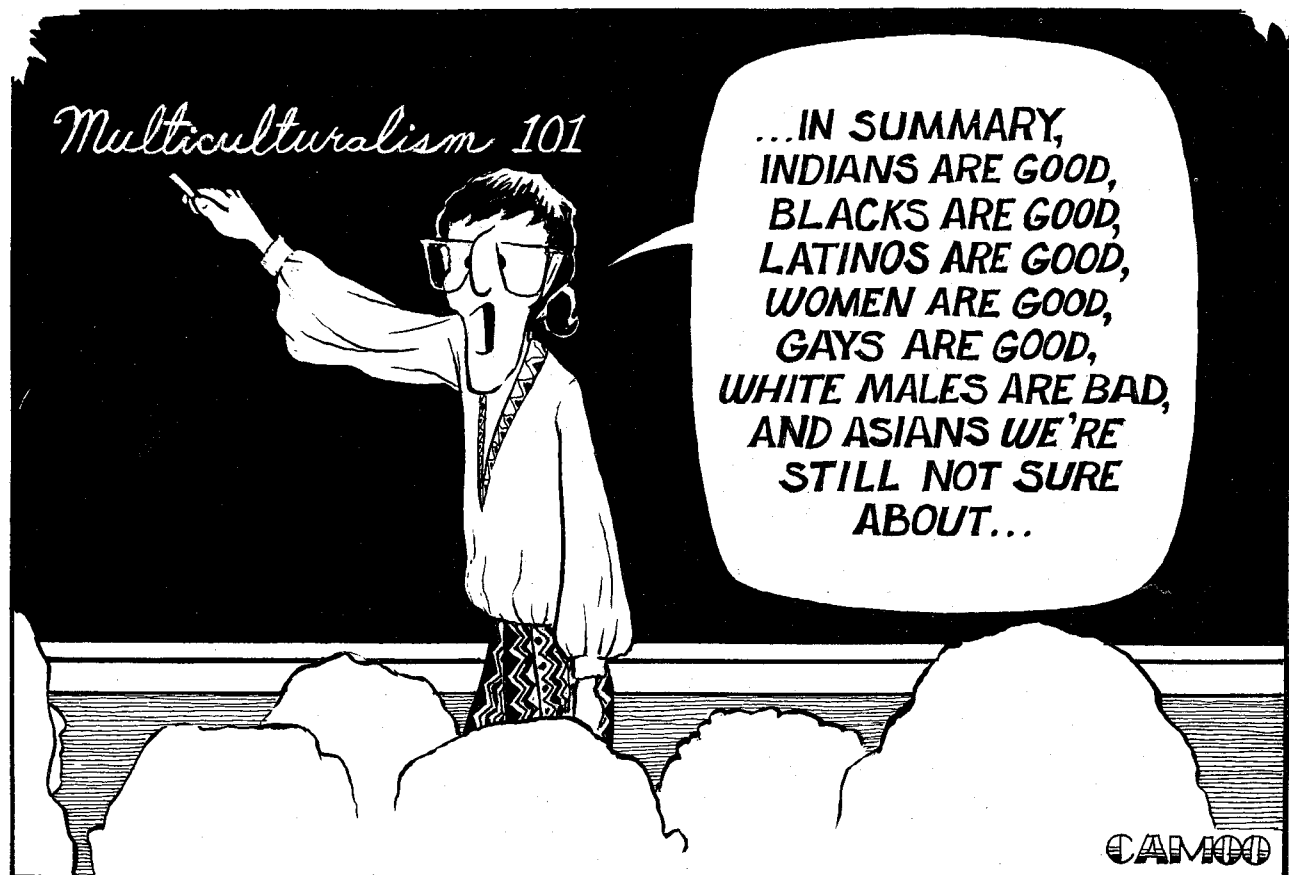
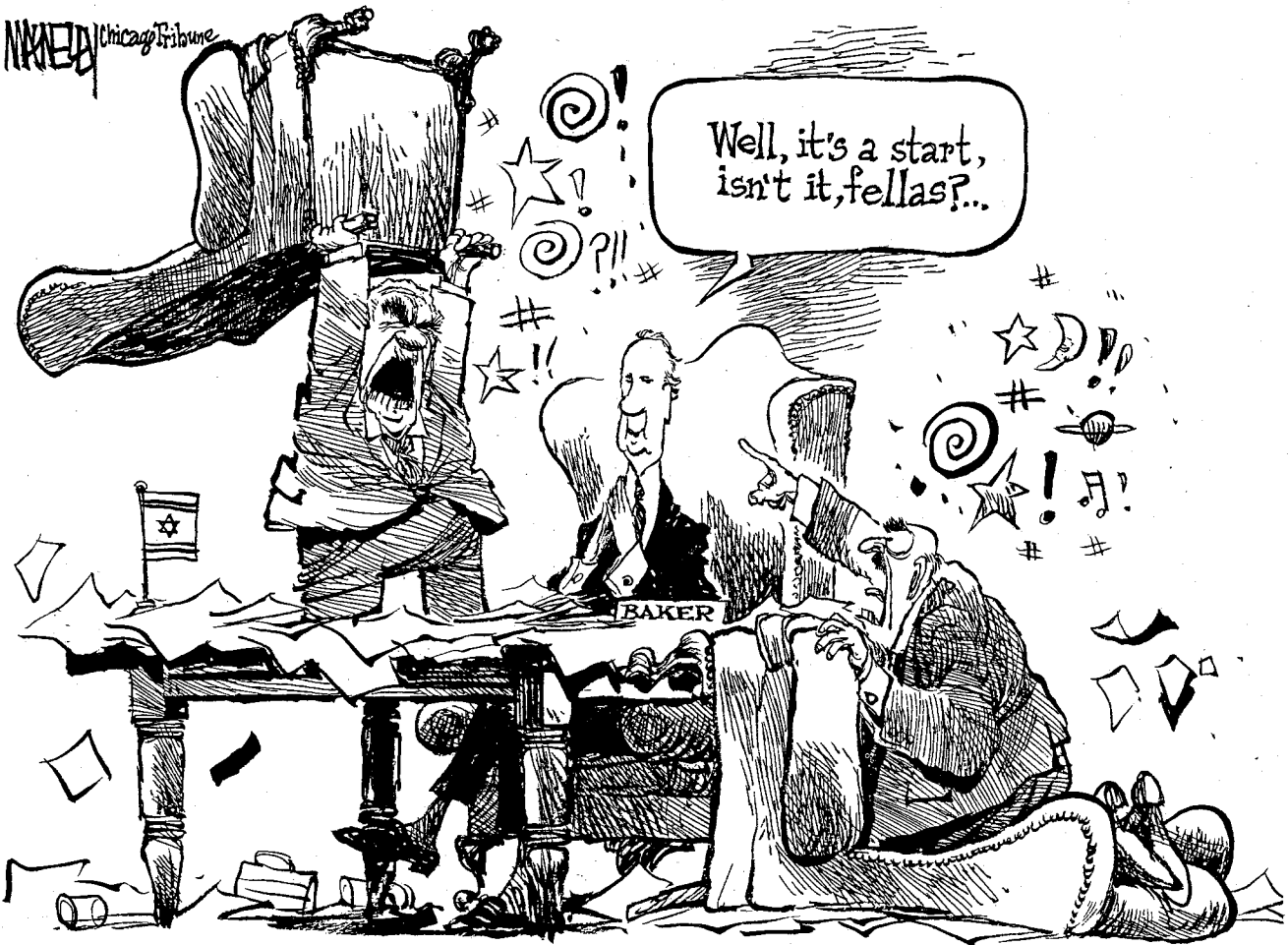
Baker Flies to China

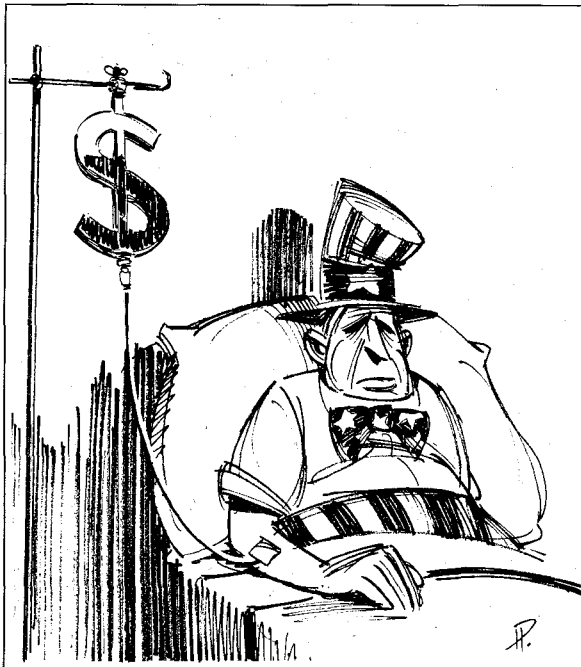
It isn't for the Peking duck,
But merely to benignly cluck
At items sold from prison cells,
A practice that today repels
Albanians, for heaven's sake;
So as he chews an almond cake
I hope he'll think about those who'll
Be knitting woollies for his Yule.

W. H. VON DREELE



"The economy appears to be growing, but experts say it's only gas."





Medical Checkup

THE GOOD HEALTH GUIDE

Yes, Senator Wofford, American health care needs improvement.
No, more federal regulation is not the answer.

NORMAN MACRAE

HEALTH CARE is now probably the world's largest industry, and just about the least efficient. All the big rich countries run slightly different anti-competitive systems. The combined waste and cruelty from them are enormous. This is a field where "caring" statesmen, by interfering with logical market forces, kill or keep in pain millions of people a year. It is now possible to see what sort of competitive system all rich countries will eventually have to move to. We 68-year-olds (I was born in 1923) naturally think the move is urgent. A man or woman aged over 75 uses ten times as much health care as the average person aged between twenty and fifty. During the next three decades all rich countries are going to have far more 75-year-olds, quite soon including me.

The international drive to reform will have four main barriers in the way. First, the politicians. They will try to make all "reforms" as populist and yet as obsequious to entrenched interests as possible. In an industry where the use of cost-reducing technology ought to be increasing quickly, that is disastrous.

The temptation for politicians is to make health care "free" (i.e., paid for by insurers or taxpayers) at the point of delivery. When supply is thus "free," demand becomes infinite. If demand is infinite, the incentives for innovating and reducing costs disappear. Production is in the hands of politician-created institutions instead of market-obeying ones, in a situation of constant over-demand with power held by existing producers. This is Brezhnevism (i.e., the last stage of Soviet Communism, which crashingly failed). If you live in a small town or

suburb, the largest business will often be the local hospital. The reforms advocated by "caring" politicians could make that largest business in town as over-staffed, inefficient, and incompatible with modern technology as a Soviet steelworks in Omsk.

The second barrier to reform will come from protectionist medical lobbies, including the doctors. They operate some of the worst pre- and post-entry restrictive practices in any business in the world, unfortunately often to public acclaim. The average American physician makes nearly \$150,000 a year in an industry which does not work properly, so he is not an ardent advocate of freer competition, cheapness, and reform. The right people to rule the roost in medical practice really are not distinguished sexagenarians who were expensively trained forty years ago, before either the computer revolution or the biotechnological revolution. Health care (especially diagnosis) is largely a matter of information processing, and computers enable us to process information two billion times faster than we could when the distinguished heads of our medical profession were in school. If the industry had turned competitive, it would by now have a totally different shape. We would be shopping around as much better informed customers, in an industry with alternative technologies on offer. We would be checking our case histories and body scans against computerized evidence of what had worked best in other people. We would not be agreeing so numbly when a physician tells us that the treatment we need is the one that will bring him the most money.

Many doctors will say that last paragraph is a libel. It wasn't meant to be that. My own view is that most people in medicine have acted as ministering angels, during a period when all incentives have been distorted to make them act in the worst way.

Mr. Macrae, formerly deputy editor of The Economist, is the author of The 2025 Report: A Future History of 1975 to 2025 (Macmillan).

This leads to the third barrier to reform, which is that we haven't set up the right market incentives in health care for the last two thousand years. The best market leaders may have been the mandarins in ancient China, who paid village doctors only if their patients remained well. In America's fee-for-service system, the incentive to the hospital or physician is to treat you in the most expensive possible way after you become ill. On top of this, the service is free to the customer, and thus demand approaches infinite. The bill goes to the insurance provided by your employer or to the state (Medicare or Medicaid). Unsurprisingly, America therefore spends a swelling 12 per cent of GDP on health care, while getting worse crude health figures (infant mortality, life expectancy) than some much poorer countries that spend a fraction as much.

Britain's total expenditure on health for the next year is decided by the Chancellor of the Exchequer on budget day, a moment when he does not want to raise taxes and has other government expenditures he does not want to cut. Britain therefore spends only 6 per cent of GDP on health care, but insists on nil cost to the patient, creating a virtually infinite demand which in turn runs up against the deliberately restrained supply. Hospitals and physicians then ration by waiting list, giving some priority to those operations that are most prestigious and interesting. For some boring and cold surgery (such as hip-replacement operations) waiting lists can extend for several years, leaving patients in excruciating pain.

The fourth barrier to reform is the amazing ignorance in and about this learned profession. American research is beginning to suggest that between a quarter and a third of surgical operations and other medical procedures in America and Continental Europe probably should not have been done. In Japan, which has the longest life expectancy, surgery is much less frequent. In America and Europe, there are extraordinary differences in surgery rates (and in death rates under that surgery) between different hospitals. Obviously this information should be made available to every patient, so that he can decide what treatment he prefers where. Instead, the information is often kept secret. This is particularly bad in Britain's National Health Service (NHS) hospitals. America's hospitals do partly compete with each other, but Britain's NHS hospitals are state institutions with salaried staff. These hospitals have hardly any accounting system to show what the cost of various surgical or other procedures are.

The notion of measures of "health-care output" is now spreading fast in America. Similarly, Britain has the concept of quality-adjusted life years (or QALYs), originating from the University of York. The idea of QALYs is that "health output" consists not just of extending life expectancy, but more often of saving somebody from pain, or giv-

ing him more years of being able to keep walking and coping (like dressing himself) instead of relapsing into a wheelchair or being dependent on others. When QALYs are measured, it becomes obvious that the output of Britain's NHS hospitals is hopelessly skewed. In all countries far too many resources are devoted to the last six months of life, to trying to keep a dying comatose octogenarian (like me in 2011?) living for an extra week at enormous expense. In Britain, for instance, there are too many glamorous transplant operations, and too few hip operations or other pain-relieving surgery. The right goal for a health-care system in any country is to maximize the output of QALYs, at the lowest possible cost per QALY.

Do the Fittest Survive?

HOW FAR do the health-care systems of different rich countries reach toward that ideal, or indeed accord with cruder measures of health output? Our opening figures have to come from the OECD. If you don't like tables, the rest of this paragraph summarizes what the table below startlingly says. In 1989 the cost of health care per head was \$2,354 in the U.S., \$1,683 in Canada, \$1,282 in West Germany, \$1,274 in France, \$1,035 in Japan, \$836 in Britain. Expenditure per head in the U.S. was therefore nearly three times that in Britain. Measures of crude health output had no correlation with money spent. Britain actually had slightly longer life expectancy for males (72.4 years versus America's 71.5) and lower infant mortality (8.4 per 1,000 live births, versus America's 9.7). The best crude health figures were in the second cheapest country, Japan. In 1989 Japan had life expectancy of 75.9 years for men, 81.8 for women, and infant mortality of a tiny 4.6 per 1,000 live births. What can we learn from each country?

Although America's health-care system is absurdly costly, it passes other international comparisons better than most Americans think. America is the most inno-

RELATIVE COST-EFFECTIVENESS OF HEALTH CARE

	\$ per Head Spending on Health Care	Life Expectancy at Birth (Years)		Infant Mortality per 1,000 Births
		Male	Female	
United States	2,354	71.5	78.5	9.7
Canada	1,683	73.0	79.8	7.2
West Germany	1,282	71.8	78.4	7.5
France	1,274	72.4	80.6	7.1
Japan	1,035	75.9	81.8	4.6
Britain	836	72.4	78.1	8.4

Source: Originally OECD, but also culled from different tables in *The Economist*, July 6, 1991—survey by John Peet.

vative country in medical research, bringing forward successful new cures for all the world. It has a superb choice of hospitals and doctors, with no waiting lists. Its output of QALYs is larger than crude figures of life expectancy and infant mortality suggest. Foreigners are

DON'T STAY HEALTHY IN AMERICA

IN A recent study published by the Dallas-based National Center for Policy Analysis, leading health economists John Goodman and Gerald Musgrave show that state regulators, responding to pressure from special-interest groups ranging from AIDS patients to bald-headed women, have imposed a myriad of Mandated Health Insurance Benefit (MHIB) laws.

This kind of legislation, according to Goodman and Musgrave, forces all private health insurers to "cover specific diseases and disabilities and specific health-care services." Consumer advocates argue that such laws are necessary so that the poor and people who are at high risk for certain illnesses and disabilities are guaranteed "affordable" health insurance. Ironically, these efforts have made basic health insurance for a rapidly growing number of Americans prohibitively expensive.

These laws force consumers to purchase coverage for certain illnesses and disabilities, whether they want it or not, as part of the basic or standard insurance policy. "In some states," write Goodman and Musgrave, "couples who cannot have children cannot buy policies that do not provide for newborn-infants coverage. . . . People who do not intend to see chiropractors, psychologists, or marriage counselors cannot buy policies that exclude such coverage." This sort of legislation prohibits Americans from purchasing health-insurance policies that suit their own needs and means.

In 1970 there were only thirty MHIB laws in America. Today there are close to one thousand, and they exist in every state. These statutes force insurers to cover people who are at exceptionally high risk but prohibit them from adjusting their prices accordingly. The result: low-risk consumers, if they wish to pro-

tect themselves and their families at all, must pay ever-increasing premiums in order to cover the costs of insuring certain politically powerful groups, e.g., AIDS patients, drug addicts, the blind, amputees, etc. The alternative is to go without medical insurance.

It is not subsidization per se that is the problem. Just as in the delivery of newspapers or milk, where those who live closer to the plant subsidize the delivery of services to those who live farther away, a certain amount of voluntary subsidization may also occur in a free-market insurance network. Insurers often charge low-risk consumers premiums which are higher than their particular riskiness warrants (but low enough so that the consumer is still willing to pay) in order to subsidize higher-risk consumers; over all, insurance premiums are kept affordable. For insurers to do this and remain competitive, the network must have a large pool of clients, most of whom are of low risk.

When governments impose MHIB laws, however, the actual share of high-risk people within the insurance network automatically rises; they are, after all, getting a real bargain. On the other hand, the percentage of low-risk people in the pool is significantly reduced because federal law allows some fortunate groups to opt out of the traditional insurance industry. Large and middle-sized companies often establish their own employee health-insurance plans in house. Since they do not purchase insurance from outside coverers they are not subject to MHIB laws.

State regulators thus create a vicious circle. MHIB laws force private insurers to insure ever-increasing numbers of high-risk people at below-market prices. To cover their increased costs, they must drastically overcharge low-risk consumers. As prices rise, low-risk people opt out of the health-insurance market, preferring to take their chances with illness or injury, or, as in the case of larger groups, insuring themselves rather than pay uneconomical insur-

ance rates. As the number of low-risk people in the pool dwindles, insurance premiums for the average American rise even higher. The cycle makes it impossible for the natural "subsidization" process to keep overall premiums low.

Ironically, the very people these statutes are designed to aid are harmed the most. When financial pressures mount, health insurance is one of the first things the poor cut from their budgets. When the choice is feeding your babies or paying a monthly insurance premium of at least \$600 (for a family of four) there is no contest. And the evidence bears this out. According to Goodman and Musgrave, 69 per cent of all uninsured full-time workers in 1985 earned less than \$10,000.

Moreover, for consumers who are at high risk of acquiring a catastrophic illness covered by MHIB laws but who will not necessarily acquire it, e.g., hemophiliacs who do not have AIDS but must regularly have blood transfusions, or people with a family history of familial polyposis but who do not have polyps or colon cancer, MHIB laws make it exceptionally difficult to obtain health insurance, even if they are willing to pay higher prices. Because the insurer is not permitted to cancel the policy after the disease is diagnosed, most insurers go out of their way to avoid selling any policy to people who are at even a slight risk of acquiring the disease. And they paint with a rather broad brush when determining who these people are. For example, some insurance companies have stopped doing business in large cities like Washington, D.C., altogether to avoid MHIB laws regarding AIDS.

As the number and kind of MHIB laws grow, insurers will view a larger and larger proportion of the population as potential risks. Indeed, America is rapidly moving toward the day when no one will be able to purchase private medical insurance. Private insurance companies will simply stop selling it.

—MARK D. HUGHES

Mr. Hughes is an associate of the Fraser Institute of Vancouver, B.C. His book, The Ties That Bind: The Political Economy of Charity, Philanthropy, and Volunteerism, will be released in early 1992.

shocked when first told that 35 million Americans have no insurance or state health coverage. They then discover that care for the uninsured—in hospitals which cannot turn them away—is usually actually better than in Britain's NHS hospitals for all the British people. A medical emergency can drive the inadequately insured bankrupt. It would plainly be better to extend insurance coverage with incentives for sensible behavior by both doctors and patients. But the main problem is not too little interference by politicians, but too much. State regulation of insurance companies in America is far too fussy, so that small firms often cannot economically secure coverage for their employees.

Costs in America are expanded by various absurdities, especially awards in medical malpractice suits, which have soared out of control, and now by Mandated Health Insurance Benefit laws [see box p. 30]. Worse, the fee-for-service system encourages supply of the most expensive possible treatment, and the insurance and Medicare/Medicaid systems mean that demand for the most expensive treatment is too uncontained. Unoriginally, I think that the future in America must lie with health maintenance organizations (HMOs), which I use here as a generic name for any pre-payment scheme. You pay an annual fee to the HMO of your choice, and it looks after your health for the year—bargaining with the hospitals to get the lowest fees for satisfactory treatment.

The route to encouragement of HMOs that I would prefer is that advocated by Stanford University's admirable Professor Alain Enthoven. He thinks that tax exemption for employers' health insurance should extend only up to the cheapest adequate insurance policy available. If you wanted more expensive fee-for-service or other treatment, you or your employer would have to buy the insurance for that out of taxed income. The objections to HMOs (beside objections from doctors who do not like bargainers driving down their fees) come from those who rightly say that the 70 million Americans registered with HMOs have not always had the best or cheapest service, and that some HMOs have gone bust. But this is mainly because the other 180 million Americans (spending somebody else's money—insurance companies' or Medicaid's/Medicare's) have a positive incentive not to use HMOs.

All experience suggests that the HMO system would work most effectively if it were the main (though not the only) bargainer for health care in the market: able to publish hospitals' death rates, to tell particular hospitals that they should use more paramedics, and to fight the producer-dominated spendocracy on behalf of customers. The aim should be to elevate hospitals all over the world to being like other customer- and market-influenced businesses instead of like a steelworks in Omsk.

Sometimes these HMOs would make fearful mistakes. It would be discovered that the cheaper treatments they preferred for some diseases were also shoddy. In those cases people would take out private non-tax-aided insurance policies for better treat-

ments—and competitive HMOs would quickly include them in their offers, so as to attract subscribers. The need all over the rich world is to get health care operating under the two normal incentives of free markets: the customer has to be seeking the cheapest and most effective quality treatment; the producer has to be seeking each day to improve treatment cost-effectively with an eye on what the market shows him customers want. The crucial needs are a) that the customer has to be able to choose competitively (with full information) the intermediary body which looks to him the likeliest to provide the most efficient primary care at the cheapest cost; b) that the intermediary (HMO or whatever) then has to find which hospitals and specialist physicians provide the most cost-effective secondary service; c) that the intermediary body has to have large clout over the hospitals (which, being a jargon-using economist, I call near-monopsony clout—monopsony means the power of a big buyer); but d) that when the HMOs or other intermediaries are making bad mistakes, competition from other insurance schemes should show which these mistakes are.

National Waiting Service

IT IS USUAL to say that Britain's "socialist health service" is at the opposite pole from America's. In Britain most money for health is provided through the taxpayer; in America, through employers' insurance. More important, American hospitals try to be entrepreneurial, getting fees for service if they attract patients. British hospitals have bureaucratic salaried staffs, and a low productivity per man or woman employed, because they have no incentive to be attractive or efficient. The nicest outcome for a worker in a British NHS hospital is to draw your salary without having too many of those bloody patients wanting to flock in. If you are a specialist in some sort of surgery, it is ideal to have slowly moving (not speedy) waiting lists for NHS patients for that sort of surgery. You can then tell those waiting that they can jump the line by paying for private surgery from you.

Yet the British system has two advantages. It provides life expectancy comparable to America's at about one-third the cost. And family doctors or general practitioners (GPs) in Britain—the best part of the British system—increasingly run their practices like American HMOs, although most people don't realize this.

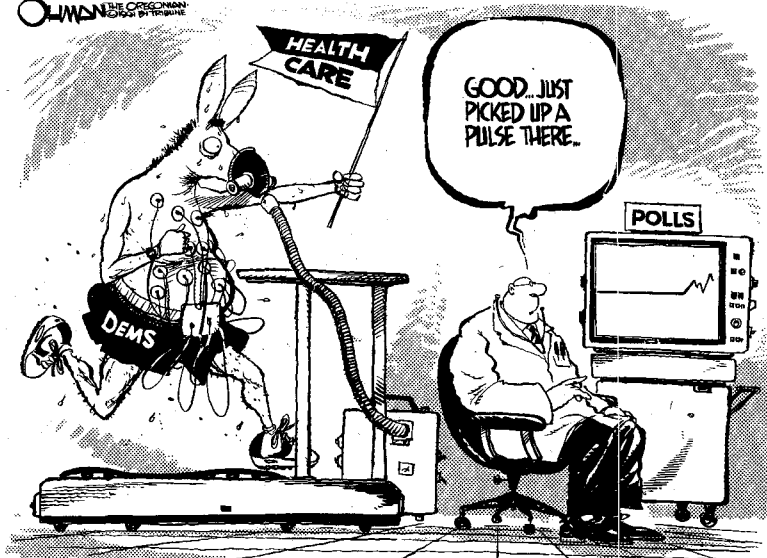
We Britons choose which group practice of GPs we will register with. The government then pays a capitation fee to that group practice, according to the number of patients it attracts. Although silly secrecy is maintained about each practice's record, this system works well in posh London suburbs like that in which I live. One can find out from gossip at the local tennis club which doctors are drunks, and which have the best practices. And then register with the latter. The system works less well for poorer districts where doctors (unless they are ministering angels) prefer not to live. An inner-city Liverpudlian who speaks only Scouse (the

Liverpool dialect) may find that the only available local doctor is an immigrant Pakistani who doesn't speak Scouse. The system should give higher capitation fees in inner cities, and much higher ones for over-75-year-olds, who give doctors ten times as much work.

Still these group practices work satisfactorily to find which patients are hypochondriacs, which need primary treatment, and which should be hospitalized (or put onto a waiting list). Emergency cases get through quickly enough, but the hospitals are the great failure of the NHS. British hospitals get no extra money for treating people efficiently at lowest cost. They are therefore fearfully overstaffed by trade-unionized workers with many restrictive practices. Collectively, British NHS hospitals have been the biggest employer in Europe except the Red Army. Now that the Red Army is being demobilized, they might soon be in elephantine top place—unless the sensible but wildly unpopular reforms that Margaret Thatcher put in train in 1990 are allowed time to work.

Under these "Thatcherite health reforms" group practices of GPs are given more control over their budgets and an incentive to find which hospitals are ready to receive their patients quickly and efficiently. (Hitherto doctors have just trundled patients along to the local hospital, however full and inefficient it was.) Hospitals, meanwhile, can opt for a new status whereby their staffs get more money if they attract more patients and handle them efficiently at lower cost. These reforms had their origin in 1985 when Alain Enthoven visited Britain and wrote a brilliant report. Since there was a danger this would be read only by NHS people, who didn't want to be uncomfortably reformed, I plagiarized it into a shorter, two-thousand-word version (with re-editing by Enthoven) for *The Economist*. This two-thousand-word version was put into one of the bags which

OWEN THE CORRECTION
BY THOMAS



Mrs. Thatcher was wont to take away for recommended weekend reading. Her marginal comments on that article are said to have started the Thatcherite health reforms, which is why I am sometimes now blamed by Tory MPs among my friends for probably losing the Tories the coming election.

Any sensible reform schemes will initially be unpopular. If an overstaffed hospital makes itself more efficient, it necessarily rids itself of some staff. These are then called "Tory cuts." If a group of GPs gets its patients into distant hospitals more quickly, this is called "queue jumping." If some empty hospitals in northern England—which would otherwise have had to close—receive patients from waiting lists in the richer south, this is locally called "rich Londoners pinching our hospital beds." But the forward road will have to be to make group practices of British GPs more like American HMOs, and to see if competition between hospitals can be based on something other than fee for service—perhaps fee per production of QALYs?

They Do Things Differently

CANADA's health-care costs in 1989 were \$1,683 per head, which looks cheap beside the United States' \$2,354 but expensive beside West Germany's \$1,282. The Canadian system is paid for by taxes. Each Canadian province operates a public insurance scheme, which then bargains with private fee-for-service doctors. The government schemes thus have near-monopsony clout, which keeps drug prices and some other costs low. But even with Canadians able to pop over the border to the U.S., there are waiting lists. Furthermore, Canada's health figures may be misleading because of the youth of the Canadian population. There is not as much innovation as in the United States. I doubt if Canada's system is the model of the future. [See box p. 33.]

West Germany's health care is financed by a payroll tax on employers and employees. These payroll taxes are then paid to more than one thousand "sickness funds," which bargain with hospitals and fee-for-service doctors and private clinics. These sickness funds play some of the intermediary role of HMOs, although not as competitively as they should. The individual worker has less choice of sickness fund than you would suppose; that is generally determined by his employer. Payments to hospitals are geared to such-and-such a payment per day, with the result that patients stay in hospitals for too long.

Japan clearly has the longest life expectancy for the lowest cost, despite the lack of preventive medicine and the fact that too many Japanese still smoke like chimneys. About two-thirds of Japanese health care is paid by employers, though with the government running schemes for small businesses and retired people. The money is then gathered by sickness funds, which compete on the German model to bargain with lots of hospitals and with an extraordinary number of quite tiny clinics—maybe two rooms attached to a paramedic's house. As in Germany, the sickness funds play some of the intermediary role of HMOs.

The feature of Japan is competition, with less respect

for professionals like doctors (also less respect for lawyers). Japan has far more hospital beds per 1,000 population than any other rich country, but generally fewer doctors, and far more paramedics. There is fierce price competition between clinics. The longer-living Japanese have fewer surgical operations than Americans, which suggests that some of the expensive surgery in the West is unnecessary. It was in Japan that I was shown a list alleging that in some Western countries there were far more deaths of children under appendectomies; the lists correlated with the countries where doctors got more money from cutting little bodies open, perhaps when they only had wind. In return for less surgery, the Japanese swallow more medicine than anybody else. Doctors in Japanese clinics make money by selling medicine to patients. There are usually co-payments to be made by patients after typically overlong stays in Japanese hospitals or clinics, but competition keeps these prices low.

Prescription

NONE of the facts in this article is new. What is interesting is that most outside economists are now coming to an international consensus on how to tackle health-care problems—a consensus very different from what is being said by politicians or by people who draw their incomes from health care.

The sensible way to pay for basic health care is still by insurance, which can be private insurance or state insurance. There should be a slight preference for pri-

vate insurance, because it will seek better packages for particular things. More important, state subsidies should go only far enough to ensure that everybody can get coverage for basic health care.

There should then be competitive intermediaries which are prepaid to provide that basic care. Those intermediaries—whether called HMOs or sickness funds or group practices or family doctors—need to have every incentive to buy more complicated secondary health care from efficient competitive hospitals and specialists at the cheapest available price. My view is that real competition would bring dramatic new patterns in health care: more automated scans, fewer surgical operations, more emphasis on cost effectiveness, more paramedics, new sorts of health institutions and semi-professionals as the biotechnology and computer revolutions sweep along. In a competitive world I would expect to see advertisements which said things like: “Last year, as our auditors and inspectors show, we produced 5,000 QALYs for each \$500 that HMOs spent on us—twenty times the American average.”

If the intermediaries were not providing effective treatments for some ailments, private unsubsidized insurance would become popular for those. Competitive HMOs or other intermediaries, eager to attract patients, would then add these to the packages they put on offer. If we do not go down these competitive roads, but trust politicians who say they will throw limitless tax money at limited supply, then our production of health care will turn as inefficient as that steelworks in Omsk. Per dollar spent, it possibly already is. □

CANADA'S HEALTH PLAN

A SUPERFICIAL analysis suggests that the Canadian system, in which the government controls all medical fees, is better at cost control. Unfortunately, the true cost of “free” medical care is not reflected in national economic statistics. Canadians must endure long, potentially dangerous waiting periods for surgical procedures which are readily available in the United States. A survey recently published by the Fraser Institute in Vancouver found that patients in British Columbia wait an average of 23.7 weeks for coronary bypass surgery, 16.3 weeks for a hysterectomy, and 14.1 weeks for disc surgery. Of course, patients of doctors who have seniority rights or who have political pull wait less than others.

Diagnostic procedures are rudimentary by American standards. Until recently there was only one

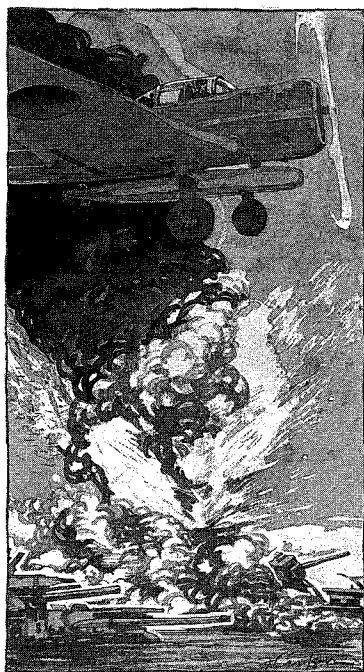
functioning CAT-scanner in Newfoundland (population 570,000), resulting in a two-month wait and the requirement that a specialist order the procedure. The safest diagnostic device yet invented is the magnetic resonance imaging (MRI) machine, of which there are more in Michigan than in all of Canada.

Even the much vaunted savings achieved in Canada appear questionable. For example, the share of GNP devoted to medical care grew more slowly in Canada because economic growth was higher: from 1967 to 1987 real GNP per capita grew 74 per cent in Canada versus only 38 per cent in the United States. Real per-capita health spending grew at about the same rate in both nations over this period, with Canada spending about 25 per cent less per capita both before and after the introduction of universal government fund-

ing. The remaining difference can be explained by other factors. Canada is a younger nation (11 per cent of the population is over age 65, versus 12.2 per cent in the U.S.), and does not have the large inner-city populations that drive up medical costs. The age difference alone accounts for one-fifth of the spending difference between the two nations, according to a recent study.

Once these factors are taken into account, U.S. health costs fall below Canada's. A recent study compared per-capita costs in Canada with those of the largest American health maintenance organizations (HMOs), which are private plans giving the same universal health coverage available in Canada. The HMOs had per-enrollee costs \$300 to \$500 below the Canadian average, without the accessibility problems seen in Canada.

—ED RUBENSTEIN



Pearl Harbor

WHY AMERICA SLEPT

What did FDR and Churchill know,
and when did they know it?
Can the revisionists make their case
that Pearl Harbor could have been prevented?

SPENCER WARREN

‘WE INTERRUPT this program to bring you a special news bulletin. The Japanese have attacked Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, by air, President Roosevelt has just announced.” John Daly’s hurried radio announcement on that quiet Sunday afternoon can still send a chill through the heart. Ever since, the nation has asked, How could we have been caught so naked? Who was responsible? In particular, what did FDR know?

Several books published after the war, by Charles A. Beard, William Henry Chamberlin, and others, argued that Roosevelt, finding himself checked by isolationists at home, deliberately misled the country about his intentions, baited the Japanese into war, and perhaps even knew of the impending attack and failed to warn the commanders.

This view has been contested on almost every count. To begin with, Roosevelt saw Nazi Germany as the chief threat and did not wish to become embroiled in a two-ocean war in the midst of our defense build-up. Nor would war with Japan necessarily have meant war with Germany. [See Alistair Horne, p. 36.] FDR’s freeze on Japanese assets and partial trade embargo were intended to deter, not pro-

voke, the Japanese into war. But no settlement could be reached in the negotiations up to December 7, as the militarists running Japan demanded that the U.S. acquiesce in their conquest of China. No appeaser, Roosevelt refused.

The strength of the revisionist case lies in the wealth of stunning intelligence we held on the enemy, based mainly on our breaking of their diplomatic code, “Purple.” Among our coups was intercepting the “bomb plot” message, in which Tokyo, in September 1941, asked its Honolulu consulate to map Pearl Harbor into five sections, identifying the warships in each; and the late November “Winds” messages advising that if certain “execute” signals were subsequently received, they would mean danger of a diplomatic break with the U.S., Britain, or Russia. We also knew on December 3 that Japanese posts in Washington, London, and Southeast Asia had been ordered urgently to destroy their codes, and that Honolulu was doing likewise. Revisionists note that much intelligence was withheld from the Hawaii commanders, Admiral Kimmel and General Short, to safeguard our precious “Purple” secret.

To be sure, the danger was not entirely ignored. U.S. naval commanders in the Pacific received a “war warning” on November 27, and the next day army commanders were warned: “Hostile action possible at any moment.” Had they taken appropriate

precautions, December 7 might have told a different tale. But General Short, more concerned by local sabotage than an air attack, ordered aircraft at Hickam Field parked wing to wing, making them perfect targets. And Army Chief of Staff General Marshall failed to make clear to Short that he had other measures in mind.

The Wrong Direction

WHAT NOW stands out as obvious evidence of an impending attack, however, was at the time buried among a multitude of signs which, taken as a whole, certainly did not single out Hawaii as a target. Further, the system of evaluation was relatively amateurish, and was hindered by inter-service rivalry and bureaucratic attitudes born of long years of peace. Washington and Hawaii knew late in November of growing enemy troop convoys and naval movements south of Formosa and in Indochina. We were expecting war any day, most probably against Thailand, Malaya, and the Dutch East Indies, and maybe the Philippines, or perhaps Siberia—not Pearl Harbor. Indeed, the attack by carrier aircraft far from base, coupled with the offensive against Malaya, the Philippines, and the Dutch East Indies, was so audacious and unprecedented that even many in the Japanese high command had opposed it as impracticable.

The latest revisionist theme, ex-

Mr. Warren, a member of the State Department’s Policy Planning Staff in the Reagan Administration, is a writer living in Virginia.

pounded in a new book, *Betrayal at Pearl Harbor*, by James Rusbridger and Eric Nave (New York, 1991), transfers the blame from Roosevelt to Churchill. This book claims that Churchill knew a Japanese fleet had departed the Kurile Islands on November 26 and that a naval attack would occur on December 8 (Tokyo time), but failed to inform Roosevelt. It cites no direct evidence (relying in part on the 92-year-old memory of an Australian intelligence officer blessed with "perfect recall") and often employs highly circumstantial reasoning. And it is rebutted by accounts of British intelligence officers somewhat closer to the event.

Captain Malcolm Kennedy, who was on duty December 5 to 7, noted in

Setting morality aside, why would either man have countenanced destruction of the U.S. fleet, ensuring a long war and even jeopardizing final victory? And Churchill had no more reason than Roosevelt to believe that a surprise attack by Japan would bring America into Britain's war against Germany. If anything, the reverse.

In the event, Pearl Harbor and Hitler's declaration of war transformed the atmosphere of American politics. Once America had been attacked, there was no point in being an isolationist. Until then, isolationism had been strong both among the general public and in Congress. It was, however, always a fragile coalition. Both the Left and the Right abhorred war and were sure it would threaten

that all the allies wanted was "the realization of their imperialistic schemes and not the destruction of Nazism." America should stand as a model, above Europe's corruption. The prominent Democratic Senator Burton K. Wheeler, addressing an America First rally at Madison Square Garden in May 1941, urged President Roosevelt to appeal to the peoples at war: "You could demand that the war makers, the Hitlers . . . the Churchills . . . and the Knoxes and Stimsons . . . step down and out."

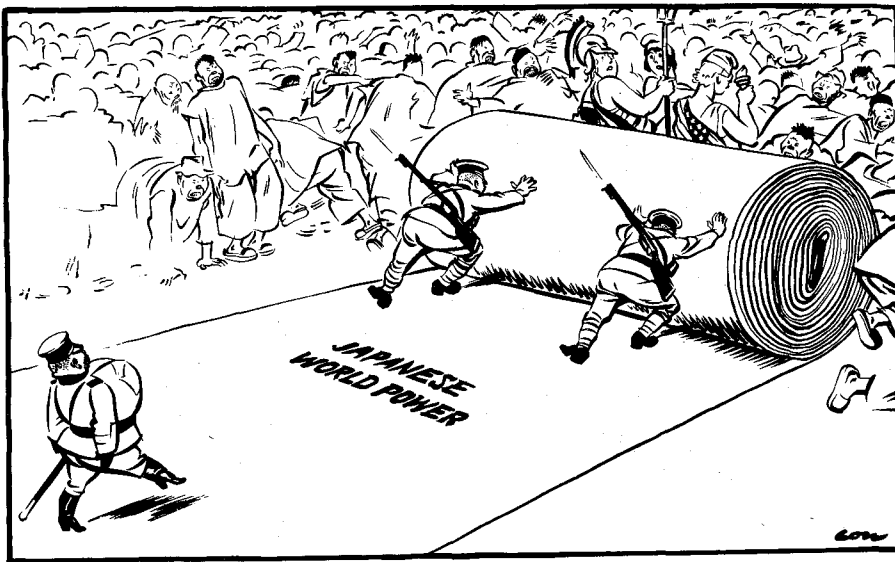
The isolationist movement saw its influence decline through 1941. Early in the year a majority favored all aid to Britain short of war; by October, though 80 per cent told Gallup they opposed a U.S. declaration of war, 70 per cent said defeating Hitler was more important than avoiding war.

Isolationism continued to exercise considerable sway in Congress, however. In August 1941, when Roosevelt requested that the term for draftees be extended—lest our fledgling Army dissolve just as the Panzers were racing across Russia and as Britain was struggling to hold Rommel at bay—the House passed the extension by one vote, and 21 senators didn't show up. In November, when polls showed 61 per cent in favor of allowing Lend-Lease goods to be shipped to Britain by U.S. crews, the House approved the measure by only 212 to 194, a much closer vote than for Lend-Lease nine months earlier.

Because Congress lagged behind public opinion, Roosevelt undertook surreptitious actions that by September 1941 had brought us to a naval war with Germany (and that today might have him impeached, or at least investigated by a special prosecutor). But his boldness helped to save Britain, provoked Hitler's declaration of war, and contributed to final victory.

Situation Unchanged

TENSIONS between the U.S. President and Congress naturally continue to this day, and at times imperil our security. In the Gulf crisis, for instance, President Bush led and Congress was again on the sidelines. The President's decision in November 1990, when he more than doubled our deployments, moved us from a defensive to an offensive strategy and culminated in victory a few



The Red Carpet

his diary that on the 5th and 6th Churchill was "all over himself . . . for latest information and indications re Japan's intentions and rings up at all hours of the day and night." The Pearl Harbor news, he wrote the next day, "came as a complete surprise." Commander Patrick Barrow-Green, the desk specialist in the Admiralty's Naval Intelligence Division, who was responsible for receiving decrypts from intelligence headquarters and from the Far East, said in 1975: "Up to the time of Pearl Harbor we were hard put to it to build up a general picture. No decrypts and no detail."

We must finally ask: If Roosevelt or Churchill had known, what would either have gained by not giving the warning? Why was a surprise defeat necessary to bring in the U.S.? Why could the war not open with a triumph—a "surprise" attack thwarted?

liberty at home. But the Left feared foreign entanglements would endanger the New Deal and its utopian dreams; the Right feared war would further expand government power and make Roosevelt a dictator.

Isolationism was a natural product of the Depression, but it also represented disillusionment with the fiasco of Wilsonian utopianism. The Nye Committee hearings of the mid Thirties had convinced many that we had been duped into war in 1917 by munitions makers and Eastern bankers. This "devil" theory of war led to the Neutrality Acts (much as a devil theory of the arms race produced the nuclear-freeze movement).

And when the war in Europe began, in 1939, both Right and Left saw it as just more "power politics." Senator Borah, ranking Republican on the Foreign Relations Committee, declared

months later. In contrast, the Senate Armed Services Committee waited over three months before holding hearings that could only have encouraged Hussein to stonewall. Had merely three senators switched sides, the January 1991 vote authorizing force would have gone the other way, inflicting a national humiliation just as we were reaping the rewards of our great triumph in the cold war. Had Congress given its January approval early in autumn, war might have been averted, for Hussein, like the North Vietnamese and the terrorists in Lebanon who killed 241 Marines in 1983,

undoubtedly was looking to Congress to undercut the President.

The lesson Pearl Harbor holds for our constitutional system is that the President, taking the long view and acting on behalf of the whole nation, must be given considerable leeway to navigate treacherous international waters. Congress's short-term calculations, love of compromise, and narrower loyalties make its sustained conduct of a consistent foreign policy impossible. Fifty years later—after the War Powers Act and the Gulf War—that lesson has been only uncertainly learned. □

Worse than a Crime

IF HITLER HADN'T

FDR could not have brought America into the war without Hitler's help.

ALISTAIR HORNE

WHEN Pearl Harbor was bombed in December 1941, I was an evacuated British schoolboy at Millbrook School in New York—by happy chance, as an exact coeval of *NR*'s Editor-at-Large. Though I was just 16, every detail of that "Day of Infamy" remains engraved in my memory. I later wrote of "the awful feeling of exultation and relief that I felt my face would betray."

For I was thinking the same thoughts Churchill later made coherent: "We had won the war. England would live." But at the same time I felt a tinge of shame that what to us meant salvation had been bought at the cost of appalling tragedy to the people who had taken us so unreservedly into their homes and their hearts.

In fact, it was still not certain that America would enter the war against Germany. Not until *four days later* did Adolf Hitler actually precipitate the issue by declaring war on the U.S.

Mr. Horne's official biography of Harold Macmillan has just been reissued in paperback by Viking/Penguin.

Supposing he had not done so? What might the course of history have been then? In recent years American historians have argued long and loud, but inconclusively, as to whether or not FDR *knew* of the Japanese plans to attack Pearl Harbor [see Spencer Warren, above]. But there has been little thought as to why Hitler took his initiative. Though much remains speculation, new research (including information coming out of post-*glasnost* Russia) suggests an answer.

Red Sun Rising

WHAT WAS the background? From 1918 onward, the U.S. Navy had come to view the rising might of Japan as its main potential enemy, fearing that the Anglo-Japanese Alliance could bring Britain's navy in on Japan's side in case of conflict. When Neville Chamberlain declared war on Hitler in 1939, the U.S. began by maintaining the strictest neutrality. Polls showed that U.S. opinion was overwhelmingly against intervention.

Following the fall of France in June

1940 and Britain's increasingly desperate predicament, however, Roosevelt (under pressure from Churchill) embarked on a series of steps likely to bring about a collision with Nazi Germany: the deal of fifty ancient destroyers for Caribbean bases, Lend-Lease, aggressive U.S. Navy patrolling into the mid Atlantic. After the historic meeting of August 1941 off Newfoundland, Churchill told his cabinet: "The President said that he would wage war, but not declare it . . . Everything was to be done to force an 'incident' that could lead to war." But given American public opinion, this looked awfully like wishful thinking.

Meanwhile, from June 1940 on it had clearly made sense for the Germans to keep the U.S. *out* of the war. Despite the huge support—"all short of war"—that the U.S. was providing British convoys, the U-Boat campaign was going extremely well for Hitler. By 1941, sinkings had reached a new peak; had that rate continued Britain would have lost *one-quarter* of her whole merchant fleet within a year. Two days before the launching of Operation Barbarossa—the attack on the Soviet Union on June 22, 1941—Hitler flew into a terrible rage when the U-203 came within an inch of torpedoing the battleship *USS Texas*. He ordered that "all incidents with the United States must be avoided in the coming weeks."

The Tripartite Pact, which created the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo Axis, was signed in September 1940. But the Axis was an astonishingly loose alliance, with no specific, contractual obligations. Tokyo was not informed of the wheeling and dealing over the German-Soviet Non-Aggression Pact—the sudden *volte face* which precipitated World War II—nor forewarned of the German invasion of Russia.

In 1940, Hitler urged Japan to attack Britain at Singapore; the Japanese, biding their time, declined. The following year, after Barbarossa, he pressed her to attack the Soviet Far East and seize Vladivostok. Again he received a polite refusal; the policy of the Japanese warlords was not to move until there were clear signs of Soviet disintegration in the West. (In 1945, the boot would be squarely on the other foot, with Stalin moving in to attack a prostrate Japan.) But, until November 1941, Germany had been trying to head an increasingly

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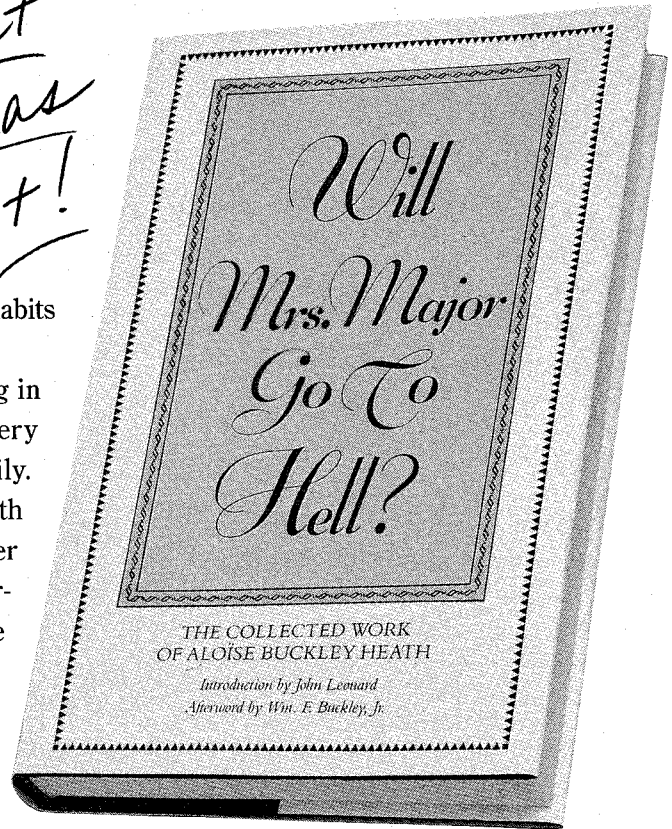
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aggressive Japan away from war with the United States.

Hitler's speech on November 9 was a model of restraint. So on the 26th, Ambassador Oshima was amazed to be summoned to Wilhelmstrasse to be told by Hitler's foreign minister, von

Ribbentrop: "If Japan reaches a decision to fight Britain and the United States, I am confident that that will not only be to the interests of Germany and Japan jointly, but would bring about favorable results for Japan herself." This was a sudden

and complete reversal of policy, and showed Hitler and his stooge, Ribbentrop, moving out of step with the more cautious diplomatists of the *Auswärtigesamt*, who—with vivid memories of the disaster of 1917—were dedicated to keeping America neutral.

THAT SUMMER OF '41

BY THE summer of 1941 France had fallen, Britain was losing the naval war, and, late in June, the war had taken another dramatic turn with the German invasion of Russia.

But our minds were on other things. That summer's baseball season saw the record-breaking hitting streak of Joe DiMaggio. High on the Hit Parade was a tune the refrain of which referred to "Joltin' Joe DiMaggio." The kid from a family of San Francisco fishermen boosted the national morale as Europe became incomprehensible.

Up in Boston, an astounding batter named Ted Williams, the "Splendid Splinter" in sportswriters' jargon, was batting over .400—the last time such an average has been maintained over a whole season. He played one more year before heading south for training as a naval pilot, along with a chance companion, Seaman Second-Class George Bush. Among the men already drafted was the great Detroit Tiger slugger Hank Greenberg.

In the summer of '41, however, no one wanted to fight in Europe again. In a wonderful book, *Baseball in '41: A Celebration of "The Best Baseball Season Ever" in the Year America Went to War*, Robert Creamer describes the mood:

There was a strong anti-British attitude among Irish Catholics in America, the majority of whom were the children or grandchildren of immigrants who had fled British oppression in Ireland, and there was a general anti-European feeling among Italians, Poles, Germans, and other ethnic groups who had left Europe because they hadn't liked it there. There was little search for roots, little interest in European forebears. We were Americans now and fiercely proud of it.

Mr. Hart, an NR Senior Editor, is a professor of English at Dartmouth College.

I treasure the stylistic understatement of Creamer's "they hadn't liked it there." We liked it here.

What concerned many of us in the spring of '41, however, was not the Germans or the Japanese, but the improbable Brooklyn Dodgers. After years of comic futility, the "Bums" were ready to move up. The colorful Larry MacPhail—who had tried to kidnap the exiled Kaiser in Holland just after the end of World War I—had put together a baseball gem in Brooklyn.

The Flatbush section of Brooklyn then was not the dangerous slum it is today. Its ballpark, Ebbets Field, was a place many Brooklyn families walked to. Ebbets Field was so small that the fans in the front-row seats could chat with the players.

As a child, I knew many of the Dodgers. My parents that summer rented a cabaña at an elegant beach club on the far western tip of Rockaway officially called Breezy Point, but affectionately known as the Irish Riviera. The Dodger players had the use of a couple of cabañas, which many of them visited on their off-days. Out of baseball uniform they looked younger than my college students do today. The great shortstop Pee Wee Reese was a skinny kid, very pale. His ribs showed. The slug-ging first baseman, Dolf Camilli, was a placid strongman. They liked to dive into the water and play touch football on the sands of Breezy Point.

I never met "Fat Freddie" Fitzsimmons, the Dodgers' aging knuckleball master. Perhaps he never came to Breezy Point. But Creamer evokes sharply the memorable Fitzsimmons style. Of course he was not "fat" but a rather globe-shaped bundle of muscle, and he had a peculiar pitching motion. First he would turn his back completely to the batter; then he would spin around and release that most odd pitch, the knuckleball,

which mesmerized and underpowered the batters.

In those days baseball was much more relaxed than it is now. At Ebbets Field the Dodgers would drift in a couple of hours before game time. They would warm up and hold batting practice. An hour or so before the game, some would clatter in their spikes across the trolley depot outside the ballpark to a local bar and down a few beers. There was no question that with twenty-game winners Kirby Higbe and Whit Wyatt, Fat Freddie and Pee Wee Reese, the great reliever Hugh Casey, the .300-hitter Dixie Walker, star catcher Mickey Owen, home-run hitter Camilli, and the daredevil Pistol Pete Reiser, the Dodgers were a championship team.

In the 1941 pennant race, the St. Louis Cardinals challenged the Dodgers to the end. St. Louis had the Cooper brothers, Mort the pitcher and Walker the catcher, and the sluggers Johnny Mize and Enos "Country" Slaughter, who fattened their batting averages with clothes-line drives into the stands of little Ebbets Field.

In one crucial game, however, the Cardinals faced a crisis. Their manager, the canny Billy Southworth, needed a new pitcher. He called on Mort Cooper to go in and get the Dodgers out. But Mort was too drunk to go in. He had trouble standing up in front of the Cardinal bench.

This was not exactly decadence. Many of the players on both teams—and indeed on the Yankees and the Boston Red Sox, the leading teams in the American League—were playing in daily pain. One pitcher's arm went dead through circulatory blockage in the middle of a game. He could not even pick up the ball. The physicians told him that if he pitched again the arm might have to be amputated. He pitched again. The Dodger slugger

Meanwhile, in Washington, special envoy Kurusu was still engaged in the talks covering up the preparations against Pearl Harbor, although the final die had not been cast. In Berlin, Ribbentrop seemed to backtrack, refusing to make any definite commit-

ments—with the Japanese now the suitors. It was not until late on December 4 that Hitler acceded, though still not knowing details of the Japanese plan; on the 11th, four days after Pearl Harbor, he pressed the button.

In Washington, Roosevelt gave a

sigh of relief. Hitler had now removed the last barrier to open American intervention against Nazi Germany. Hitherto that barrier had proved uncrossable. The America First movement had still had considerable support; as of a Gallup poll of October 22,

Joe "Ducky Wucky" Medwick had been beamed and hospitalized. He came back soon, but was less bold at the plate.

The Yankees also played with the pain of Lou Gehrig's death in June 1941. How could people say he'd been given "a bad break," the dying Gehrig had asked in his famous farewell two seasons earlier, when he had had the privilege of playing with "such grand fellows"? Hearing of Lou's death, manager Joe McCarthy touched Hemingway country when he remarked helplessly, "What can I say, I'm all filled up."

The World Series collision between the Dodgers and the Yankees was epic in character. The Yankees' lineup included not only DiMaggio, but Tommy Henrich, Bill Dickey, and "King Kong" Charlie Keller, along with half a dozen fireballing pitchers. I didn't think my touch-football friends of Breezy Point were really up to the job.

Yet I was wrong. The Dodgers did have a chance, though their usually astute manager Leo Durocher—who died last month, fifty years after the day that Series ended—first outsmarted himself and then lost his nerve. Instead of going with his first-string pitchers Wyatt and Higbe, Durocher sent a journeyman, Curt Davis, out to the mound in the first game. If he could somehow sneak a win with Davis, Durocher thought, then he could pitch Wyatt and Higbe in alternate games. *If* he could sneak a win. But you didn't sneak a win with the 1941 Yankees.

What decided the Series, though, was the fourth game. In the ninth inning the Dodgers were ahead 4 to 3 and the Yankees were down to their last out. Hugh Casey threw a hard-breaking curve on the third strike to Tommy Henrich. Whiff. The umpire signaled Out. The game was over.

Only it wasn't. Mickey Owen

couldn't handle the pitch. It rolled to the backstop as Henrich ran to first. There is a technical feature here. Casey had two very different curves—a big curve and a short quick one. As Owen later explained, Casey had been throwing the short quick one for five innings, but this time he threw the big one. "It was as good a curveball as Casey ever threw," Owen later said. "I should have had it, but it got away from me." That is a kind of honesty that you don't often find today.

The next batter was DiMaggio, and he singled. At this point Durocher, inexplicably, went into a trance. As he later explained, "For the first time in my life I was shellshocked. I should have got off the bench and gone out to the mound to talk to my pitcher in a spot like that. . . . I got to say to him, Look, you got this guy where you want him. Take your time. Waste a couple of pitches. Maybe he'll go after a bad one. Instead, I sat on my ass and didn't do anything. And Casey comes right back with a pitch that Keller hits off the wall for a double." The admission is an astonishing moral moment in the history of sports.

DURING that summer of 1941 we all had a sort of double consciousness. We knew that the war would wash up on our shores, where the Dodgers and the Yankees played, but at the same time we hoped that somehow it would not. My own parents and their friends were firmly isolationist. During the 1920s, my mother, who had played on Broadway in such shows as *Poppy*, *Show Boat*, and the *Ziegfeld Follies*, had entertained in the veterans' hospitals the human wreckage, broken and gassed, from the Argonne and Belleau Wood. She fervently believed that we should never repeat 1917–18. In 1940, both

President Roosevelt and Wendell Willkie had run as peace candidates. "One-man rule," thundered a hoarse Willkie, "always leads down the road to waarr." Roosevelt promised "again and again" to stay out of "foreign wars."

By 1941, much was happening that meant war for America, though some of it was happening in secret. We did not know that our Flying Tigers, battling the Japanese in the skies over China, were in fact military pilots. We did not know that U.S. destroyers were venturing a thousand miles into the Atlantic in pursuit of U-boats. We had already transferred fifty destroyers to the British, and as the "arsenal of democracy" we were effectively allied with them. FDR felt there was a real danger that fascism, astride Europe and spreading in Latin America would be the wave of the future.

Administration officials knew that our measures against Japan would mean war, unless the Japanese abandoned their imperial ambitions. We embargoed steel and petroleum, and froze Japanese assets in the United States. Without petroleum, the Japanese navy would be out of business. A glance at the map showed where they would have to turn: the oil-rich Dutch East Indies. Could their navy expose its long flank to the U.S. Pacific Fleet? Of course not. In a desperate gamble, the Japanese secured their flank by attacking Pearl Harbor, and plunged south to the oil and rubber.

We were going to war, all right, in the summer of 1941, but everyone hoped that somehow, somehow . . .

The men in Mr. Creamer's book were "grand fellows." And it is not at all an idealization of the period to say they had a decency and simplicity about them which, after the war, was never quite the same.

—JEFFREY HART

1941, only 17 per cent of Americans favored war with Germany. Indeed, as late as the summer of 1942, U.S. opinion polls showed that nearly one-third favored a compromise peace with Germany: "I can see why we are fighting the Japanese," commented one Gallup respondent, "but I can't see why we are fighting the Germans."

Of One Mind

FROM Millbrook, I remember vividly the American reaction to Pearl Harbor. Never before or since had the country been so wholeheartedly geared to battle. As Admiral Yamamoto foresaw: "I fear we have only awakened a sleeping giant, and his reaction will be terrible." But the rage and hatred was almost exclusively directed against the Japanese. Momentarily Germany was forgotten.

In London, Winston Churchill was in a cold sweat lest Roosevelt be persuaded to concentrate first on Japan. Not without reason: in the four days before Hitler declared war, FDR alarmed him by trying to postpone their meeting, under pressure from the powerful Pacific First military lobby, headed by the redoubtable Admiral Ernest J. King, C-in-C U.S. Atlantic Fleet, subsequently Chief of Naval Operations.

A renowned Anglophobe, King (of whom the mild-mannered Eisenhower once observed that the Allied war effort would have gone more smoothly had he been shot) held the view that the British would invade the continent only when there was no resistance left, and they could "march in behind a Scotch bagpipe band." He—and many of his officers—saw little scope for the U.S. Navy in Europe, and had strongly resisted Churchill's requests to deploy units to the Mediterranean in the summer of 1940. (As it was, even though the U.S. built a staggering total of 82,028 landing craft, shortages due to demands in the Pacific constantly bedeviled operations in Europe from 1943 onward.)

If Admiral King and the Pacific Firsters had had their way, Britain and an almost mortally wounded Russia would have been left to fight the war without serious U.S. support. Had Russia been smashed in 1941–42, as was likely, an Anglo-American victory employing conventional weapons alone would have been inconceivable.

But Hitler, with his declaration of war of December 11, had changed all that. *Why* did he do it?

First of all, it was in his character to take sweeping global decisions, on intuition rather than sound strategic principles. Second, there were the indications that he was winning in the Atlantic: in fact, the first part of 1942, after Pearl Harbor, brought the worst losses of the entire war. Admiral Doenitz, the U-boat commander, expressed satisfaction at the results of U.S. naval distraction to the Pacific, which his crews dubbed the Happy Time. But it would be short-lived.

Third, bad intelligence coupled with his own parochial ignorance induced him—falling prey to his own propaganda, like Saddam Hussein half a century later—to underestimate U.S. military potential. Had he realized, for instance, that America would be able to make good those shipping losses with post-Pearl Harbor construction of *fifty million tons* of merchantmen (compared with Britain's 8.2 million tons), he might have hesitated.

Most significantly, however, he was convinced that the war in Russia was as good as won. Although the *Wehrmacht* had just been stopped at the gates of Moscow, he had his reasons for judging this to be only a temporary check. Information available in Moscow since *glasnost* reveals that, as of October 1941, at least one offer of a separate peace had been made (via Bulgaria) by a demoralized Stalin. This would have persuaded Hitler that he was on the verge of achieving his

dream of geopolitical invincibility. He had, therefore, nothing to fear from America.

The war in Russia in December 1941 was a close run thing, but what probably saved Stalin was intelligence from the most effective spy ever run by the KGB. Richard Sorge was a Nazi journalist in pre-war Japan; but he was also a secret Communist operating a ring with agents inside the Japanese High Command. In August 1939 he had informed Moscow of the state of German–Japanese relations, which had helped Stalin conclude the Non-Aggression Pact. In May 1941, he supplied an unheeding Stalin with the exact date of Barbarossa. But his most brilliant achievement was to inform Moscow, in early October, that Japan was *not* poised to strike in the Soviet Far East, but would attack the U.S. "this month or next month." He was only a few weeks out.

This was also Sorge's last coup. Within ten days he had been arrested; he was later executed. But it enabled Stalin to rush from Siberia vital fresh divisions which turned the tide before Moscow in December—and, with it, the tide of the war.

Hitler's seemingly almost casual declaration of war on December 11 proved to be an even greater error than his decision to attack Russia that June. It enabled FDR to bring the full weight of U.S. industrial might and manpower against Germany, not Japan, thereby eventually sealing Hitler's doom. In the words of Winston Churchill, "So we won, after all." □

Déjà Vu

WAR IN EUROPE AGAIN

We're accustomed to wars in Third World places. Croatia brings the shock of recognition.

RADEK SIKORSKI

ZAGREB—Headlights off, our camouflage-painted Opel halted before a bridge. Clinging to a twisted post, a blue, bullet-peppered road sign announced "River Mrez-

nica." We were on the outskirts of Karlovac, once a transit town on the way down to the Dalmatian coast, thirty miles south of Zagreb. On the other side of the bridge was the suburb of

Turanj, a name locally synonymous with "war zone."

"See that ridge"—a young Croatian soldier pointed to the brow of a hill about a mile away—"the Serb army shoot from that ridge. They have trenches and tanks."

Several burnt-out trucks strewn along the length of the bridge confirmed his words. We waited until a Croatian guard standing in the ruins of a villa made radio contact with his counterpart on the other side. When he motioned us forward the driver put the car in gear and I ducked down, holding my palms over my neck. We rushed forward, avoiding the wrecked trucks and holes in the surface. The car skidded on pools of spilt engine oil. Several shots rang out. The tires hissed on a stretch of sand on the other side and we sped along a second bridge, equally long and equally shot up. Several seconds later a roofless house screened us from the ridge and we stopped. Soldiers emerging from the garden rejoiced at our arrival as if we'd been counted for dead.

War in Europe comes as a shock to anybody witnessing it at first hand. We have become accustomed to the idea of war as a Third World phenomenon, associating it with deserts and jungles or black-and-white newsreels rather than neat towns with Benetton shops on the main street and satellite dishes poking out of the roofs. On a good night in Zagreb, the sounds of fighting are mixed with the sounds of girls laughing at the louder explosions; nightclubs stay open late to serve cocktails and excellent cappuccino. Three miles from where people are dying, tolls are charged on the exit from the Zagreb motorway. Half a mile away from the fighting zone, traffic lights work and the rare car that ventures out obeys them.

In Turanj, not a single house remains intact. Modern villas with lawns and plastered perimeter walls have been gutted. Smoke, bits of newspapers, and feathers from ripped pillows float up through holes in the tiled roofs. A turn-of-the-century guesthouse sporting the seal of approval of the Yugoslav tourist board has been reduced to its ground floor. Beside it, a bicycle lies on the sidewalk, to all appearances in working order. Its owner must have been in quite a hurry to get away.

Soldiers don't sleep in Turanj. They

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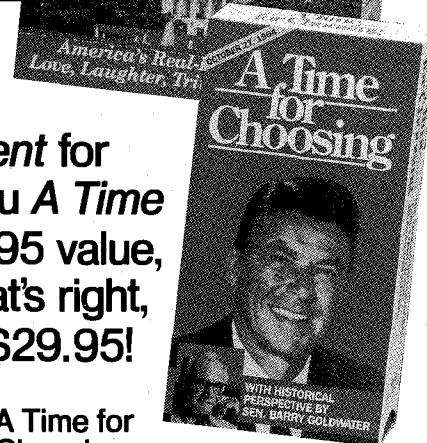
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stay at their battle stations 48 hours and then make it back to Karlovac across the deadly bridge. There, they get into their cars and drive home for a rest. I saw several Croatian guardsmen go to the front in Golf GTIs and Mazdas. The commander of the Karlovac front has a chauffeur-driven Renault GTX with a cellular phone.

The local commander in Turanj is a dashing blond who wished to be referred to as "Sova." He wears perfectly fitting camouflage fatigues, has a knife strapped to one boottop, and uses his sophisticated walkie-talkie more than is necessary. Two months ago he was a trainee computer programmer at a Karlovac company. He joins us with the news that a group of his men has just stepped on a mine. One man dead, two injured.

We get down to a cellar of a villa—his command center. There's no electricity, so kitchen appliances don't work. The fridge is used to store ammunition. We gather round an old wood-fired stove returned to favor.

Karlovac used to be famous for its brewery (recently captured from central Yugoslav control), and cases of liberated beer line the wall. Food is brought out from Karlovac in large containers. We eat excellent noodles with ham and peppers and drink the beer by candlelight. Shells explode around us, nearer ones shaking the house and making particles of plaster fall into our plates. Then the telephone rings. A worried wife asks to speak to someone. When they finish, I pick up the receiver and dial. A voice in Kensington answers. It's as if the war had come to Scarsdale.

Cynical Shortsightedness

TO EXPLAIN Yugoslavia, we must reach back at least to the Second World War. In 1943, a conversation took place in a villa by the pyramids near Cairo, between Fitzroy Maclean, Commander of the British Military Mission in Yugoslavia, and Winston Churchill, as related in Maclean's *Eastern Approaches*:

"Do you intend," he [Churchill] asked, "to make Yugoslavia your home after the war?"

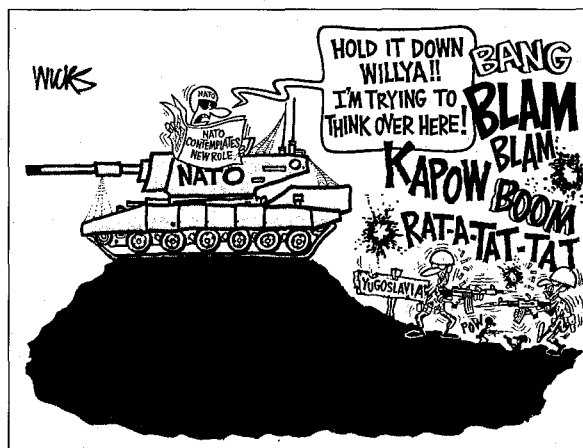
"No, Sir," I replied.

"Neither do I," he said. "And that being

so, the less you and I worry about the form of government they set up, the better. That is for them to decide. What interests us is, which of them is doing most harm to the Germans?"

The generals who are now fighting it out in Croatia were then Tito's Partisan comrades. This includes, by the bye, Croatia's President Franjo Tudjman, who made the rank of general in the Yugoslav army before becoming the leader of Croatia's dash for independence.

The Yugoslavs are still paying for Churchill's mixture of cynicism and shortsightedness. The British threw their weight behind Tito, Communism prevailed in Belgrade for 45 years, and it is this that makes the conflict so intractable today. If it were driven only



by nationalism under the old monarchy, by Croatia's and Slovenia's feeling that they were getting a raw deal out of the federal porkbarrel, then bargaining might have solved it. Instead, Yugoslavia exploded because of a fusion of nationalism and post-Communist politics. Each of the substances is deadly enough on its own. Together, they have the stability of nitroglycerine on a rollercoaster.

The war between Serbs and Croats is encouraged by entrenched post-Communist bureaucracies. Put simply, if the Yugoslav generals lose the war—if they allow Yugoslavia to dissolve—they will lose their jobs. Hard-line Yugoslav Communists were more astute than their comrades in the Soviet Union and changed their colors from Communist to Nationalist just in the nick of time. Thus Serbia's Slobodan Milosevic, anticipating the collapse of Communist ideology, rose to power under the banner of Serbian chauvinism. Using the Communist press and the Communist Party bureaucracy, he even managed to get

himself a democratic mandate from a still-frightened populace. It's as if Yegor Ligachev, when he was still the vestal virgin of Soviet Communism, had transformed himself into a Russian chauvinist and won power in Moscow by using all the totalitarian means at his disposal.

Exploiting the fears of a population subjected to 45 years of Communist propaganda, Milosevic and his army associates deliberately fanned nationalist hatreds. First, Kosovo—with its 90 per cent Albanian majority—was deprived of its autonomy within Serbia. Protests were drowned in blood. Then, the autonomous province of Vojvodina, with a Hungarian minority, was annexed. Now, all the Serbs in Yugoslavia, wherever they may live, are to be gathered in a unitary Serbian state with access to the Adriatic. If any proof were still required that this is indeed Mr. Milosevic's grand plan, the events of recent days provide it. Under the army's wing, a group of Dubrovnik citizens—no doubt voluntarily and spontaneously—have proclaimed an "Independent Republic of Dubrovnik." I wonder how long it will take before the Republic of Dubrovnik applies—again voluntarily and spontaneously—to be "reunited" with its great Serbian motherland. Meanwhile, we can take it for granted that the Croatian refugees from the disputed fighting areas will not be allowed to return, and their villages and towns will be settled by ethnically sounder elements.

May I allow myself to crow a little? In my report from Zagreb in March of this year, months before hostilities flared up, I predicted that "the seventy-year-old experiment with Yugoslavia has run its full course" and that there seemed little hope of resolving the differences peacefully. I argued that the West should immediately recognize Croatia and Slovenia but feared that "however ossified the regime in question, someone, somewhere, be it in the State Department, the Foreign Office, the *New York Times*, or the *Guardian*, will argue for its preservation."

And so it came to pass. Western for-

Mr. Sikorski is NR's roving correspondent, currently based in Warsaw.

eign-policy makers clung to the concept of Yugoslavia, which the Serb generals in the Yugoslav army interpreted as an invitation to sort out the rebellious republics by their own means. Instead of encouraging a peaceful resolution, the West's timidity encouraged Serbian aggression.

Today, the West has still not recognized Slovenia and Croatia and has again adopted a hypocritical stance. When the fighting erupted, politicians in Western Europe announced that this was "the hour of Europe," the first conflict in which Europe, without America, would play a decisive part. Several thousand Yugoslavian dead later, we know how resolute that contribution has been. Had Croatian leaders been told the truth right at the beginning, perhaps they would have adopted a different policy. Had Europe stated honestly that it intended to stay away from a Balkan war come what might, the Croats might have been persuaded that instead of rising to Serbia's bait and embarking on an unwinnable military conflict, the best course open to them was to play for time, until more moderate leaders prevailed in Serbia.

Europe should now declare that this is a conflict in which a fundamental principle of co-existence between states is at stake, that Serbian annexation of Croatian territory would violate the foundations of peace in Europe. If Serbia may grab territory from Croatia, then why should Hungary ignore the plight of its minority in Rumania, or Poland of its minority in Lithuania, or Russia in Ukraine, or Turkey in Bulgaria?

Our Chamberlain?

DIPLOMATIC recognition for Croatia and Slovenia will not be enough to stop the slaughter. Neither do economic sanctions work sufficiently quickly on the likes of Qaddafi, Hussein, and Milosevic. Had these measures been applied or threatened six months ago, they might have worked. Now only a much stronger signal can make Serbian leaders sober up. If the "hour of Europe" is not to become a term of political abuse similar to Chamberlain's "peace in our time," Europe must at last get its act together. An old-fashioned ultimatum would do. European states, whether acting through the

EC, the Western European Union, or the United Nations, ought to present the grim-faced men in Belgrade with the option: withdraw from Croatia or see Europe come to Croatia's aid in every material way, including equipment and training for the Croatian armed forces.

Otherwise, this will be a long war. On both sides, the politicians have staked everything on not yielding an inch. Apparent concessions, such as the fact that both sides now agree to the arrival of European peacekeeping forces, are illusory. The Serbs want the European forces to safeguard their territorial gains; the Croats insist that they secure the inter-republican border. But that is exactly what the war is being fought about.

If left to its own fate, Croatia will probably lose the current round. A

hostile truce might even hold for a few years. And then, one day, perhaps twenty years hence, the children of the refugees from Vukovar, Dubrovnik, and Osijek will grow up and want to take revenge. Another insane chapter will begin.

Motorways, cellular phones, and the Volkswagens in which the Croatian guardsmen drive to the front suggest how prosperous Croatia could be without the drain of the central Yugoslav bureaucracy. Serbia would also be better off if it cast off Communism and began reforming its economy. But with every day that the bridge on the River Mreznica carries camouflaged trucks rather than convertibles bearing tourists, some of the wealth that was once the share of all the peoples of what was once Yugoslavia disappears forever. □

Ah, Louisiana!

ALL THE DUKE'S MEN

Louisiana is a law unto itself, but it still has something to tell the rest of the country.

ANDREW W. ROBERTSON

THE Louisiana election has been hailed all over the world as a repudiation of bigotry, but Louisiana voters sent another message that will prove important in the presidential campaign of 1992. The governor's race was a decisive triumph for neo-populism. In fact, neo-populism, whether of the Duke or the Edwards variety, was the only brand of politics on offer, the voters having rejected the reform alternative of Governor Buddy Roemer by almost 3 to 1.

Populism feeds on resentment of those who enjoy too much or work too little. Since the days of William Jennings Bryan, it has been the voters' response to politicians and policies that are technocratic, undemocratic, or unjust. That is what happened in Lou-

isiana—as also in Mississippi and Pennsylvania—and it may happen again in the presidential elections next year.

Louisiana possesses the most exotic political culture in the United States, a simmering gumbo of racial, religious, and ethnic conflict. But it is also the most urban, industrialized, and ethnically heterogeneous of the Deep South states. It may prove a useful trial market for Duke's brand of populism before he plays to a national audience. Let us look at the various groups to whom Duke appealed most strongly.

According to figures from Voter Research & Surveys published in the *New Orleans Times-Picayune*, his strongest support came from white Protestants, 62 per cent of whom voted for him in November. Within this group, his strongest support came from "Dixiecrats": Anglo-Saxon Prot-

Mr. Robertson teaches history at Louisiana State University. He has just completed a book on political rhetoric and the press.

estants in the rural parishes of north Louisiana, who have far more in common with east Texas and Mississippi than they do with south Louisiana. (As any north Louisianian is quick to point out, all the major highways in the state run east-west; the interstate linking Shreveport to Baton Rouge has yet to be completed.) North Louisiana is a region of small farms and big plantations, Baptist churches, and pulp and lumber mills. Huey Long won elections as a northerner, exploiting resentment against the Big City and Big Oil.

North Louisiana did not share in the high old time south Louisiana enjoyed in the years of the oil boom, 1973–1981. But it suffered along with the rest of the state when the oil boom

with Washington, Baton Rouge, and their immediate neighbors. Violent blood feuds have a long tradition in these parts. The racial balance is nearly even here, making relations between blacks and whites historically more tense than anywhere else in the state. The large black vote and creeping suburbanization from New Orleans gave Edwards an edge in the two-way race, and the Florida parishes switched from Duke to Edwards in the November election. But the same region that is home to Jimmy Swaggart has shown “Christian forgiveness” to David Duke in the past, and may do so again.

Indeed, Duke’s message played best of all to those who follow Swaggart and the other televangelists. Duke

bulent city with fierce ethnic rivalries. Alone among antebellum Southern cities, New Orleans experienced a significant influx of Irish and German immigrants seeking opportunities laboring on the docks and digging canals. The demand for immigrant labor was high: black slaves were far too valuable to risk in such endeavors. Irish and Germans often stopped off in Brooklyn before they made their way south, and the result is the extraordinary “Nointh Ward” or “Yat” (for “Where y’at?”) accent, which sounds uncannily like a Brooklyn accent to a Yankee ear. There was great resentment of these newcomers among the indigenous population. Although the Know-Nothing party in the 1850s was anti-Catholic as well as anti-immigrant, it enlisted enthusiastic support from prominent Catholic Creole families. In the 1890s, blacks and whites banded together to lynch a group of Italian immigrants, and the rigid race classification system that grew up in the aftermath of *Plessy v. Ferguson* made room for a new category neither white nor black, called “Dagoes.”

Turf Wars

NEW ORLEANS has had the same sort of turf wars as Northern cities. Since World War II, white New Orleanians gradually migrated to the suburbs, more slowly than in Washington, Atlanta, or Detroit but with the same result. These exurban migrants look back on their old neighborhoods with a mixture of resentment and fear. They are living less well in the blue-collar suburbs that surround the Crescent City than they or their parents did in the city. The old neighborhoods with their tree-lined boulevards and spacious single-family houses are now predominantly black. White suburbanites living in cramped tract houses and condominiums hold blacks directly responsible for their reduced circumstances.

This group and its political outlook is replicated in every major city in the South, Northeast, and Midwest. This is the group of potential Duke supporters that packs the most political wallop nationally. The good news is that most white suburbanites in Louisiana did not vote for Duke in the runoff election, but they had cast their protest votes for him in the two earlier



went bust. In the middle 1980s unemployment in the northern parishes rose and state services shrank; state taxes increased to make up for the massive shortfall in oil revenues. Northerners have resented their “hind teat” treatment for more than a century, but they felt particularly betrayed by Edwards in the years of economic adversity. They had been the last to get in on the good times and were the first to lose out.

Traditional Dixiecrats are also concentrated in the toe of the Louisiana boot. These are the “Florida parishes”—so called because the territory until 1810 was part of the Spanish province of West Florida—settled by Loyalists escaping the American Revolution. People in these parishes see themselves as different and at odds

won 69 per cent of the vote of these white self-described “fundamentalists.” But Duke did somewhat less well among white weekly church-going Catholics and Protestants, winning 57 per cent of their vote. Non-observant voters who wish to sanitize Duke’s past may be more likely than practicing churchgoers to accept his professions of Christianity.

Across the confessional divide, white Catholic voters in Louisiana have proved less receptive to Duke’s message than Protestants, giving him 52 per cent of their vote, but Catholic ethnics of Irish, German, French, and Italian descent in the New Orleans suburbs did cast a protest vote for Duke in October against Roemer and in 1990 against Bennett Johnston.

New Orleans has always been a tur-

elections. Likewise, if Duke runs in the presidential primary in Michigan, Detroit suburbanites may vote for him as a protest. *The less viable Duke is as a nominee, the more attractive he will be as a protest vehicle.*

Louisiana was relatively immune from the race-baiting politics that plagued other Deep South states in the 1940s and 1950s. This relative tolerance is the legacy of the Cajuns, descendants of the eighteenth-century Acadians. After the French and Indiana War, the Acadians were forced by the British to leave their land in Nova Scotia. Like French Huguenots who harbored Jewish refugees in the Second World War, the Acadians have been more tolerant on racial matters because they have suffered persecution themselves. In the 1960s when ever there was racial trouble, Governor John J. McKeithen invariably called out the National Guard from the Cajun parishes, because he could depend on the Cajuns to go easier on the blacks.

Duke's evangelical protestations and his links with the Klan have repelled Cajuns, who in previous elections preferred the Cajun Edwin Edwards or the Shreveport Methodist Bennett Johnston. However, in November Duke won 56 per cent of the self-described "Cajun" vote. Cajuns, too, were disenchanted with Edwards in his last term in office, and Duke's message of laissez-faire struck a responsive chord among fishermen resentful of federal regulations.

Laissez-faire appeals helped Duke with Republicans as well. Duke split the Republican vote with Edwards by approximately the same margin as the rest of the white vote, 56 to 44 per cent. This spells trouble for the Louisiana Republican Party. At the same time that Kirk Fordice was making Republican populism respectable in Mississippi, Duke was discrediting it in Louisiana.

The Louisiana Republican Party, caught between Governor Roemer's unpopularity and Duke's demagoguery, suffered setbacks in statewide and legislative races. Roemer seemed remote from the voters, and his technocratic style of governance alienated many allies. Roemer's attack on Duke was good news for Louisiana; it helped propel his supporters into the Edwards camp and assured Edwards a landslide victory. But the good news

for the state was bad news for the Republican Party.

A Warning to Bush

SOMETHING similar could happen in the 1992 presidential primaries. President Bush appeals to the same core constituency in the South as Roemer: affluent, well-educated suburbanites. That vote could be overwhelmed by the developing conservative populist trend. Depending on who in fact enters the primary race in states like North Carolina, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, and Mississippi, we could see George Bush appealing to country-club Republicans against an opponent or opponents with a resonant message for pickup-truck Republicans. If he faces Patrick Buchanan appealing to white-collar social conservatives and David Duke appealing to blue-collar populists, the President is in danger of serious embarrassment.

Moreover, in every election starting in 1952 in which a serious challenge has been mounted within the incumbent's party, he has lost the subsequent general election. This danger would be maximized if Duke were to run as an independent in November 1992. He could draw off Republican votes in Midwestern states like Michigan, Missouri, Ohio, and Illinois as well as in the South.

Without Lee Atwater, a master of the Southern political idiom, the Bush White House seems oblivious to the danger lurking on Super Tuesday, March 10. The best course for the White House in response to the populist challenges from Duke and Buchanan would be to endorse the economic-stimulus policies of Jack Kemp and Vin Weber. Republicans who wish to preserve the Reagan coalition must recall how Reagan won over conservative populists in the first place, by sending them a message of economic hope in a time of adversity. □

Around the Tree

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

A Heath family Christmas-carol program always *seems* like a good idea . . .

ALOÏSE BUCKLEY HEATH

NONE OF THE Heath children was born on Sunday, but many of them almost were, which may account for the fact that, although bright and bonny and good and gay they are not, bonny and gay they indubitably are.

They may get A2 in handwriting and D4 in word analysis; they may get "wholeheartedly enthusiastic" in sports and "constantly inattentive" in social studies, but they are the bonniest crew—not in the whole country;

that's ridiculous, I always tell people—in New England. Though, I admit it, I don't know the rest of the country very well.

It is regrettably true that they forge their father's name to undone-home-work slips (remember those A's in penmanship) at 8; that they fall in love with and torture members of the opposite sex at 11; and that by the age of 12 they have discovered that you can smoke into the exhaust fan of the first-floor lavatory with absolute safety, whereas smoking out of the third-floor bathroom window means Mother calls the Fire Department. (They learn about cigarettes young because when we catch them smoking, we beat them.)

And gay my children unquestiona-

A Christmas piece by the late Aloïse Buckley Heath is an NR tradition. A new edition of the book Will Mrs. Major Go to Hell?, in which this and Mrs. Heath's other Christmas pieces appear, is available from National Review Books.

bly are. They rollick into the house from school, burst into paroxysms of laughter at the extraordinary coincidence of their reunion from various carpools, plan their far-flung wickednesses in gales of muffled giggles, are scolded with eyes twinkling above insufficiently suppressed grins, and fall asleep in the midst of a choked chuckle at eight, nine, or ten o'clock, according to whether their bedtime was at seven, eight, or nine.

And they sing! Lord, how they sing! They sing alone or in unison, in harmony, cacophony, or competition, and if two of the stubborn ones simultaneously embark on "The Surrey with the Fringe on Top" and "Silent Night," an immediate popularity contest ensues, as other children drift into the room and join in one song or the other. If the singers are equally popular, you just have to break it up. (Not by saying, "Break it up," you understand. Who's listening? What I usually do is play "The Stars and Stripes Forever" very loudly on the piano.)

With all the gaiety and caroling that goes on in our house all year round, it is only natural that we plan, early every December, a Christmas-carol program to put on tape after it is absolutely perfect, and send to the children's grandmother as an absolutely unique, unprocurable-in-stores Christmas gift.

For Their Own Good

ONE REASON this always seems feasible in early December is that around then the children are infinitesimally better behaved than usual. I myself attribute this to the fact that their father and I are, not infinitesimally at all, worse. I have even discussed with Ben the potentialities of our being worse all the time, for the children's own good, but he insists he is the same at Christmastime as he is the year round, which, as I occasionally—well, maybe a *little* more often than occasionally—point out, is a clear admission that he is impossible all the time.

In any case, there's no question that, around Christmastime, the children are more cooperative. All of them will stand and concentrate, instead of two reading comic books and three wrestling under the piano. They all

willingly sing, "*fa-la-la-la-la, la-la! la! la!*" even though most of the boys, and all of the girls under 12, say it makes them feel silly. All in all, it seems an ideal time to plan a Christmas-carol program, and I do so, in spite of a) an unbroken record of failure, and b) the boys.

Boys, as anyone with fewer resources than the director of the Vienna Boys' Choir knows, are an insuperable obstacle to group singing. I am convinced that Madame von Trapp had hers wired for sound.

In our family, 21-year-old Jim is the



only dependable boy. He has a soft, melodious tenor voice, he sings *fa-la-la* without shame, and he whacks the little ones when they fidget. Seventeen-year-old John, who also has a nice voice, is, unfortunately, musically gifted, and refuses to waste his talent on mere singing. He plays the descant to the carols on his recorder, and if there is not a satisfactory descant he composes one, which is lovely, but it leaves Jim alone and lonely down there below middle C. Buckley, at 13, sings a high and piercingly sweet soprano, but he is under the impression that a listening world will believe his voice has changed if he emits all sounds an octave lower than is normal to him. And he sings that way until his ribs are so sore from his brothers' and sisters' pounding that he can barely sing at all, which, as I keep pointing out, may be good for discipline, but not for Christmas-carol programs. Timothy, who is a crotchety eight, refuses flatly to make any concessions on the part of the language as it is spoken, to the language as it is sung. "*Glo-o-o-o-o, o-o-o-o-o, o-o-o-o-o-oria*" is not for Tim. He sings, "*Glo-*," compares the marble collection in his

right pocket with the marble collection in his left pocket, and rejoins the chorale unerringly on "*ria*," but neither pleading nor pummeling will induce him to vocalize all those finky "aws."

All this is a little hard to Pam, who is 19 and who, as the conscientious and efficient head of her school Madrigal Club last year, has much higher standards than the rest of us. Our carol program this year was to be not just mother at the piano, John at the recorder, and nine children singing in unison. It was to include part-singing; solos, duets, trios, and quartets; Buckley on the drums; ten-year-old Jennifer on the triangle; and a piano duet by Betsey and Alison, who are 11 and 12 and hate each other.*

Our first difficulties I could see coming. Buckley played the drum, not with a gently medieval boom, nor even with a gay seventeenth-century rat-a-tat, but as if he were soloing during a pause in a program by the Rolling Stones, which was impressive, to be sure, but reduced the singers to utter inaudibility. Jennifer ting'd on the triangle whenever it seemed to her that she had not tung for quite long enough, and Betsey and Alison, who have never entirely grasped the purpose of a duet, exchanged sidelong black-eyed glares and raced each other through "Jingle Bells," Alison winning handily by a good two and a half measures.

Timothy and little Janet, who were to solo as friendly beasts in the carol known only to the parents of small children, "The Friendly Beasts," were less than cooperative. Janet refused to sing, "*I, said the cow all white and red*," because she said cows were ugly and she was not; besides, everyone kept smiling at her. And Tim persisted in singing, "*I, said the donkey, all shaggy and brown*," as "*I. Said the donkey. All shaggy. And brown. I carried. His Mother. Uphill. And down.*"

After the special-effects numbers the group launched into the standard Christmas carols while Pam conducted and I concentrated on the piano. I

*Above all, every word was to be as clear as a bell. Pam even taught us a little song: "Whether you whisper soft, or whether you loudly call, distinctly, distinctly speak. Or do not speak at all." Whose melody we assimilated rather more quickly than its meaning.

have to concentrate harder than most people on the piano because of an abnormal tendency to play everything in D Major. Our repertoire was nearly finished when Pam addressed the group in a less than friendly tone.

"If anybody's being funny around here, they just can just stop it right now."

There was a blank silence. Long blue eyes met wide black eyes without the glimmer of a twinkle. Pam waited a minute, then she said: "Mother, let's start over, and I'll take the piano while you come out here and listen. There's something peculiar going on. Now listen *carefully*."

Afforient Heaths

I LISTENED carefully, and it was then I decided that either my children are not quite bright enough to live, or else they are too gay to bear.

Do you know what "afforient" is? Neither did I till I heard Priscilla, who is 15 and who should know better, sweetly warble that she three kings afforient were, and I asked her. "Afforient," if you are interested, is the state of being disoriented, or wandering, as one does over field and fountain, moor and mountain.

And has anybody ever wondered where the Ranger is on Christmas Eve? Has anyone, for that matter, ever given a single thought to the Ranger on Christmas Eve? Well, Betsey Heath has. "Away is the Ranger," she will inform you, if you listen carefully. And obviously, he is away because there is no crib for his bed. After all, why should the Ranger stick around here, when he hasn't even got a crib much less a bed, for Pete's sake!

Janet, canny little Janet, all of whose sins are premeditated and blatant, sang exactly what she intended to sing. "No L, no L the angels did say." It was a matter of the angels' alphabet, she explained to me a little tiredly. "A B C D E F G H I J K M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z. No L, get it, Mother, No L!" I eyed her suspiciously, because more humor in the family we do not need, but I let it pass.

Jennifer settled my next problem, which had to do with the angels. Do you know how the angel of the Lord shone around? He shone around in a glowy manner, that's how. While shepherds watch'd their flock by night, she

explained, the angel of the Lord came and glowy showed around. How else?

Have you ever wondered, in the long watches of the night, what Child is this Who laid to rest on Mary's lap is sleeping? Well, it is the Child Whom angels greet with Anne the Sweet, while shepherds' watches keeping. Well, St. Anne was Mary's mother, certainly sweet and probably dead, argued Alison. Why *wouldn't* she be with the angels? As for the shepherds, what with their setting off for Bethlehem, well known for its good and bad thieves, keeping their watches was a very friendly gesture on the part of the angels. Anne the Sweet probably thought of it.

Some of them were taking an individual called Good Heed to the angels' ward, many of them with the jellied toast proclaiming; though all of them sang the "Coventry Carol," 20 of whose 28 words are "Lully, lully," absolutely correctly.

If anyone is interested in the geography of Bethlehem, I can tell you categorically that it lies on the seashore, just below the town of Dul. We know it is *below* Dul because the carol states very clearly that Bethlehem is what in Dul you see *below* (sometimes written *in dulci jubilo*), and we know it is on the sea because among the deep in dreamless sleep the silent stars go by, so that had to be the stars' *reflection*, see, Mother? Because they couldn't very well *shine* among the deep, could they, Mother?

This is the kind of thing that happens when your children get B2 in Reasoning Ability and C4 in Independent Reading.

The older children, to give credit where credit is due, made their misinterpretations on a far loftier level. Leaving history and geography to their younger siblings, Pam and Jim simply revised the Christian religion.

Pam, even Pam, kept announcing in her clear, sweet contralto that God and sin are reconciled; but she realized immediately, when it was pointed out to her, that God was far more likely to reconcile Himself to sinners than to sin, even if the book hadn't said so, which it had.

Jim had to argue a little. He was the one who kept urging the shepherds to leave their "you's" and leave their "am's" and rise up, shepherds, and follow.

"What in Heaven's name is this

about you's and am's?" I asked him.

"Oh-h-h, rejection of personality, denial of self," said Jim grandly. "Practically the central thesis of Christian theology."

"Of course, I don't go to a Catholic college, but I think that's Communist theory, not Christian theology," I told him. "In any case, could you come down from those philosophic heights and join us shepherds down here with our ewes (female sheep) and rams (male sheep)?"

"If you insist," said Jim, with the impudent grin of the 21-year-old whose dear mother is incontrovertibly in the right, and besides, it's right down there in black and white.

Round John Virgin

BUT I WAS too weary to go on. "Children," I said. "Let's just do one song absolutely *perfectly*. Let's concentrate on 'Silent Night,' because that's the one we know best anyway. Pam and Priscilla can do the alto, John can do the descant, the rest of you just sing nice and softly, and Buckley, I don't want to hear one single *note* below middle C."

They lined up, looking very clean and handsome and holy, Jim and John at the back, Timothy and Janet on either side of Pam at the piano, and the middle echelon sensibly and unquarrelsomely distributed in the middle according to heights. *Just like the Trapp family*, I thought to myself happily. Pam turned and gave them all a long and, I hoped, extremely stern look, before she turned to play the opening measures.

"*Silent night, holy night*," nine young voices chanted softly, and I noticed Jennifer and Betsey beginning to break up in twinkles and dimples. "*All is calm, all is bright*," they went on. John's recorder piping low and clear. Buckley and Alison clapped their hands briefly over their mouths. "*Round John Virgin, Mother and Child*," the chorus swelled sweetly, and I rapped hard on the piano. "Just *who*," I asked, in my most restrained voice, "is Round John Virgin?"

"One of the 12 opossums," the ten young voices answered promptly, and they collapsed over the piano, from the piano bench onto the floor, convulsed by their delicate wit.

And that's why we didn't have *this* year's Christmas-carol program. □

Conspiracy to End Conspiracies

TOM BETHELL

WHEN I HEARD Oliver Stone was delving into the mystery of the Kennedy assassination and making a high-budget movie about it, I felt a slight chill of apprehension. Would I be unmasked as a CIA agent? A friend of mine, who has been in regular contact with Stone in recent months, called me from Los Angeles. I asked him if he thought I could reach Stone by phone. Improbable, he said. Stone regarded me as a "serious enemy," and would be unlikely to grant me an interview on this subject or any other. I was relieved to learn that I was not actually going to be in the movie (scheduled for Christmas release). According to Robert Sam Anson's cover story in *Esquire*, Stone "needs his enemies to do good work." So I like to think that I may nonetheless have indirectly made an artistic contribution to Stone's latest opus.

Just to clear this up: through a series of flukes too tedious to relate, in the late fall of 1966 I found employment in District Attorney Jim Garrison's then-secret investigation of the Kennedy assassination. This meant going to Dallas, where I proved to be quite hopeless as a detective; then to Washington, D.C., where some English journalists taught me to play poker and I spent enjoyable hours at the National Archives perusing non-classified records of the investigation carried out by the FBI and Secret Service; then back to New Orleans.

Jim Garrison is the hero of Stone's movie—Kevin Costner plays the role. Garrison himself, recently retired from the Louisiana Court of Appeals, plays Earl Warren. Oliver Stone told Anson that he saw Garrison as "somewhat like a Jimmy Stewart character in an old Capra movie." Garrison is depicted as the truth-seeking official who bucks the establishment and presses forward against powerful, shadowy enemies. That's not my recollection of life in Garrison's office, however. The truth is that a quite hilarious movie could with accuracy have been made about the Garrison investigation. But that would hardly be Stone's style. At his best, Garrison did have a wonderful sense of humor. Most of the time, however, he lived in a strange world of his own imagination—which he sometimes confused with the real world. His most striking characteristic as DA was a truly astounding recklessness and irresponsibility.

We were an oddly assorted team. Among my fellow investigators was Mort Sahl, the satirist, who really did have credentials issued by the DA's office, and was in

fact fondly regarded at Garrison's HQ at Tulane and Broad. Unlike many other people who came to help out, Sahl didn't cause trouble for us by feeding Garrison's bizarre fantasies. Sahl, too, could be marvelously funny, and I do look back fondly on some very entertaining evenings with him, Garrison, a former FBI agent named Bill Turner, and one or two others.

Another and rather more somber gumshoe was a man known to us all as Bill Boxley, a stocky, grizzle-haired fellow, in demeanor very much the insurance-claims adjuster, with his ever-present briefcase and an air of diligent, sober appraisal. In fact, he told me that he was a reformed alcoholic, and I recall him sitting through many an evening, listening poker-faced to Garrison's fantastic soliloquies, drinking endless coffee and smoking cigarettes. Boxley had told Garrison that his real name was William Wood and that he had worked for the CIA in the 1950s. "Garrison started to make accusations about CIA involvement in the Kennedy assassination shortly after he hired Boxley to work on the case," I wrote over twenty years ago in an unpublished, still classified (by me) manuscript about the case. (The time is still not right for its release, I fear.)

BY DECEMBER 1968, however, Garrison's staff was beginning to tire of filing mischievous charges and subpoenaing unknown individuals all over the country—netting Garrison headlines, but leaving in their wake a stream of courtroom embarrassments for his lawyers to clean up. Boxley would have to go, Garrison's aides felt, and to achieve this they persuaded the boss that Boxley was not merely a former but a current CIA employee—and working actively to undermine his case by feeding him false leads. Garrison's chief trial lawyer, James Alcock, told me at the time: "I don't believe Boxley was an [active] agent, but he was giving Jim [Garrison] so much bull we had to get rid of him somehow." Poor old Boxley must have felt terribly let down. It's true that he led Garrison astray but he did so out of bad judgment, not perfidy. He certainly wasn't secretly plotting against Garrison with shadowy figures in Langley, Virginia.

The big test for Jim Garrison came early in 1969, with the trial of a New Orleans businessman named Clay Shaw. He had been charged with conspiring to assassinate Kennedy, along with Lee Harvey Oswald and an Eastern Air Lines pilot called David Ferrie. Ferrie himself had died (of a cerebral hemorrhage, the coroner ruled) a few days after news of Garrison's investigation was published in the *New Orleans States-Item*, on Feb-

Mr. Bethell is Washington correspondent for The American Spectator.

ruary 22, 1967. It's worth noting that there was great jubilation in Garrison's office when Ferrie so fortuitously died. The news of Garrison's investigation had generated worldwide publicity, and now his leading suspect was dead. The staff felt that this was a golden opportunity for Garrison to get out while he was ahead: Declare sadly that he had tried to find the truth but that Ferrie had mysteriously died. The assistant DAs and various police investigators working for Garrison assumed that the boss would quietly close down the investigation.

Instead Garrison forged ahead recklessly, charging Clay Shaw with plotting the assassination of the century. Everyone in Garrison's office knew that the case against Shaw was an embarrassment. The principal witness, Perry Russo, who claimed he had seen Shaw, Ferrie, and Oswald at a party discussing an assassination, was not credible, and his story was soon exposed by Jim Phelan in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

Nearly two years elapsed between the indictment and trial of Shaw. In that time Garrison would frequently reassure the staff that the trial would never take place. He was confident that Shaw, like Ferrie before him, would die unexpectedly, or perhaps that the Federal Government would close us down permanently, or that something drastic would intervene. The rest of us weren't quite so optimistic. The dreaded trial date kept approaching, and I remember Jim Alcock gloomily saying one day that "we're looking at a directed verdict." (In which the judge concludes that there is so little evidence that he directs the jury to acquit the defendant.)

Imagine the pleasure, then, when one day an accountant in New York contacted the office and told us he was prepared to testify that he had been at a party in New Orleans in 1963, and there had heard Ferrie and Shaw talking about killing Kennedy. His name was Charles Spiesel. Two lawyers were promptly dispatched to New York to interview the man.

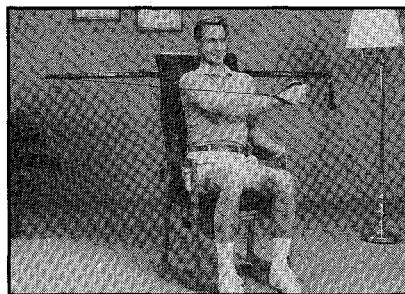
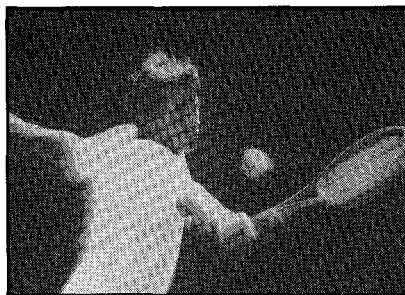
On his return to New Orleans, one of them said of Spiesel: "Well, he'd make a great witness, but he's crazy." How crazy? "He fingerprints his children in the morning to make sure that the Federal Government hasn't substituted dead ringers in the middle of the night." Oh, that kind of crazy. But then again . . . apart from that . . . his demeanor was normal, he held down a good job, he did professional work. (Lingering in the air was the unstated question: Would defense counsel think to ask a surprise witness, Do you fingerprint your children?)

Later I found out that they really were planning to use Spiesel as a

witness against Shaw. There is no "discovery" law in Louisiana, meaning that the prosecution can put surprise witnesses on the stand at the last minute, without having to warn defense counsel. I knew Clay Shaw was innocent; in fact I think everyone in the DA's office also knew it, except for Garrison himself—who was incapable of thinking straight on the subject. For me, this was not an easy time. It seemed that the only result of my interest in the Kennedy assassination was going to be to help convict an innocent man of the crime. Earlier, I had met one of Clay Shaw's lawyers socially. Now I decided to help him, and so I transmitted to him a memo I had written, listing the names and addresses of those who would testify against Shaw, also summarizing their testimony (but nothing about their backgrounds or oddities of character).

I also told Garrison what I had done, before the Shaw trial began. In retrospect, especially in view of later testimony linking Garrison to organized crime, I may have been lucky to get out of there alive. (I always liked Garrison, though, and I think he knew that.) Anyway, the trial began, and I was later told that the private investigator's report on Spiesel, flown in from New York, only just arrived in time for the cross examination: he was already on the witness stand. Spiesel's background did come out. On the stand, he cheerfully estimated that he had been hypnotized against his will fifty or sixty times by secret enemies. Shaw was acquitted, the jury deliberating for less than an hour.

Great secrecy has surrounded the Stone movie, but various assassination buffs and reporters have acquired



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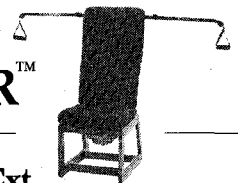
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copies of the script. One who did so was George Lardner Jr. of the *Washington Post*. He reports that the character in the movie who leaks the witness list to Shaw's lawyers is William Boxley. With the trial about to begin an aide says to Garrison: "He [Boxley] is working for the Federal Government. It means they have everything, Jim. All our witnesses, our strategy for the trial." Lardner adds: "This serves as the excuse for the disastrous testimony of Charles Spiesel. 'He was one of Boxley's witnesses, chief,' the Stone script quotes one of Garrison's prosecutors as saying. 'I'm sorry. He was totally sane when we talked.'"

No, he wasn't. And Spiesel wasn't one of Boxley's witnesses, either. Nor was Boxley working for the feds. Why, then, is Boxley given this unflattering role in the movie, when I might have more appropriately been cast in the role? Boxley smoked too many cigarettes, and in 1980 died of emphysema. He can't sue. Was I working for the feds, or MI-6, or whatever? No, but I would guess Stone thinks otherwise.

Since learning that I was probably on Stone's enemies list, I have taken the trouble to see some of his movies (*Born on the Fourth of July*, *The Doors*, *Wall Street*). Even when one disagrees with the political point of view expressed—and his movies are intensely political—they strike me as being well made and eminently "watchable." I am told by someone who has seen parts of *JFK* that the Dealey Plaza scenes in Dallas are brilliantly reconstructed, and include footage from the home movie filmed by Abraham Zapruder. This shows Kennedy being thrown violently backward as he is hit in the head by a rifle bullet. Oswald and the Texas School Book Depository, of course, were behind the presidential limousine. Watching that sequence, one finds it very hard to believe that Oswald fired the fatal shot. About 56 per cent of Americans believe that Kennedy was killed as a result of a conspiracy. I imagine that number will increase after this film is released.

WAS THERE a conspiracy? Unexpectedly, I find myself more suspicious of the Warren Commission's "lone gunman" finding than I was when I last wrote about this subject (in the mid Seventies). Oswald must have been (at the least) involved in the assassination, however, and it is counter-productive to argue, as Jim Garrison does, that Oswald was "totally, unequivocally, completely innocent." If so, why did Garrison charge Shaw with conspiring with an innocent man? If an innocent Oswald was framed, as some think, it was certainly very obliging of him to show up for work on the morning of November 22 carrying a package of "curtain rods."

Still, Oswald's background is certainly very peculiar and doesn't fit the "lone assassin" profile. He worked as a radar technician at a U-2 base in Japan, later defecting to the Soviet Union. The U-2 spy plane was shot down while he was there, and the pilot, Gary Powers, later said that Oswald could have provided crucial information about its operation to the Soviet authorities. It's very hard to believe (as alleged) that the intelligence agencies were not interested in such a person on his return to the United States. Oswald's association with the mysterious Count George de Mohrenschildt in Dallas in 1962–63 raises many questions about intelligence links. (De Mohrenschildt wrote to Garrison and offered to help, but Garrison showed no interest and as far as I know never responded.)

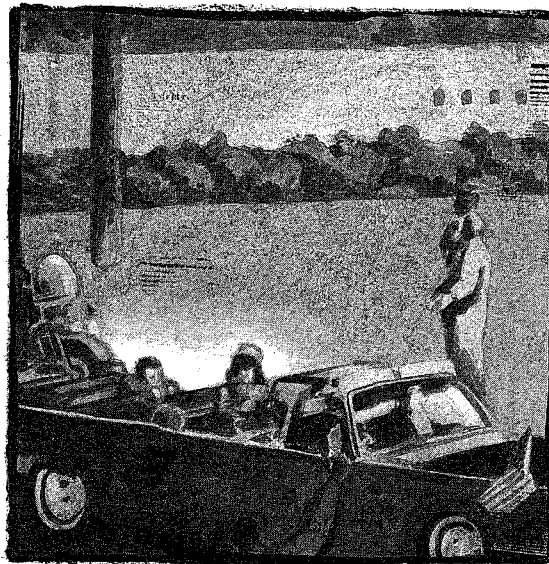
Likewise, Oswald's employment by a firm where government-classified photographs were analyzed, his knowledge of "microdots," his visit to the Dallas FBI office a few days before the assassination, the note

that he left there that was destroyed on the day of the assassination, his odd visit to the Cuban consulate in Mexico City in September 1963, his puzzling association with Cubans in New Orleans that summer (Garrison never got to the bottom of that), the (anti-Castro) "544 Camp Street" address on some of the pro-Castro literature Oswald was handing out in New Orleans (again, never cleared up by Garrison), and a number of other points, not to mention the physical and ballistic evidence in Dallas, are more than sufficient to explain why there is still a lot of inter-

est in this baffling subject. The House Committee's 1979 conclusion that President Kennedy "probably was assassinated as a result of a conspiracy" does not strike me as being entirely wrongheaded. It's a puzzle where the pieces just don't fit together properly and people are going to continue trying to reassemble them.

Shaping up in the news media has been something close to a "Stop Oliver Stone" campaign. It's interesting that this righteous wrath was never aroused by his earlier anti-Vietnam-War or decadence-celebrating movies. Anson mentioned Stone's "lengthening list of opponents, which unites foes who've been fighting over the Kennedy assassination for decades." Stone, he writes, has been accused of "sully[ing] the memory of a martyred President; of recklessness and irresponsibility, mendacity and McCarthyism, paranoia and dementia—even of treason."

It's enough to engender a certain sympathy for the man. It does strike me that if the Vietnam War is fair game for revisionism, so is the Kennedy assassination. Just so long as we remember that Clay Shaw and I had nothing to do with it. □



Tim Bower

Doom and Disbelief

GEOFFREY NORMAN

IT WAS NOT the most dramatic, overwhelming surprise attack of the war; that distinction belongs to the German invasion of the Soviet Union six months earlier. Nor was it the conflict's most decisive naval engagement; that came six months later, at Midway. The attack did not even

Pearl Harbor Ghosts, by Thurston Clarke (Morrow, 352 pp., \$22)

destroy its vital objective—the enemy's aircraft carriers and petroleum storage farms—and those targets that were hit were quickly repaired (with the exception of the gutted battleship *Arizona*) and sent back into action against the forces that had ambushed them.

Still, it is the only military action of World War II that many Americans can recall with any specificity. The psychic effects of Pearl Harbor were deeper than the immediate military consequences. It is one of those historical dividing lines. There is a before and an after. In between, there is the "Day that will live in infamy," as Franklin Roosevelt characterized it for eternity.

Thurston Clarke's *Pearl Harbor Ghosts* is written from a decisively post-cold-war sensibility. His approach is anecdotal and journalistic, relying heavily on personal interviews and first-hand impressions gathered from tours of the *Arizona* memorial, Schofield barracks, Hickam Field, and other haunted sites. He has recreated, often brilliantly, the experiences of ordinary men and women who lived through that day and were changed permanently by it. His accounts of the astonished disbelief of those under attack are utterly compelling, as when he describes the men aboard the destroyer *Helm* who were strafed by Japanese pilots who smiled and waved at their victims: "for some inexplicable reason, perhaps because no one yet believed the attack was real, 'We all waved back.'"

Clarke displays considerable narra-

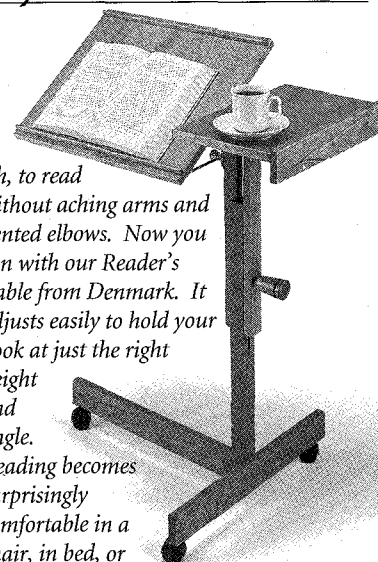
tive gifts when he describes those last bungling hours before the Japanese planes began their torpedo and dive-bombing runs on the battleships where buglers and bands stood by to break out the colors. The obtuseness of commanders who refused to take seriously the encounter of the destroyer *Ward* with a Japanese midget submarine at the mouth of the harbor; (Admiral Husband Kimmel was dressed and ready for golf and decided to "wait for verification"); the insouciance of the officer in charge of the radar station that picked up the waves of incoming planes (when one of his operators asked, "What do you think it is?" the lieutenant answered, "It's nothing"); the tardiness bordering on dereliction of officers in Washington, including George C. Marshall, who were aware through code penetration that the Japanese were set to deliver an ultimatum—all of this is described faithfully and with a sure sense of doom.

The reader, then, shares completely Clarke's sense that

The last, heartbreaking chances to put Oahu on alert have the slow-motion inevitability of a nightmare. . . . When I read about them, they send my heart beating faster, making me wish I had been there, telling Stark not to put down that telephone but to call Kimmel directly, warning Marshall not to trust the vagaries of his signal center . . . persuading Tyler to believe Elliott's radar report, and arguing Kimmel out of dismissing the *Ward's* encounter as a possible false alarm. How could it be, I want to shout, when Outerbridge has reported "firing on" a submarine, meaning he used his deck guns, meaning he had to have *seen* it!

Ghosts, however, is more than a skillful mix of contemplation and *vérité*. Clarke also wants to understand, to follow the impact of the attack down through time. He is concerned with the "real lessons, the ones bearing a certain uncomfortable relevance to the present . . . rarely mentioned, perhaps because they are too controversial, too depressing, or simply too terrifying. These are lessons of how obsession with internal subversion may leave you vulnerable to your genuine enemies, the lesson of how a catastrophe described an impossible or unthinka-

Lay Down Your Arms



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Mr. Norman, an editor-at-large for *Forbes* FYI, is the author of *Bouncing Back* (Houghton Mifflin), an account of the captivity of Vietnam POWs.

ble, such as Pearl Harbor—or an oil spill, nuclear-plant disaster, or accidental nuclear war—can sometimes happen. And most of all, there is the lesson of how racism and national pride can lead to a false sense of security.”

Mr. Clarke, as they say, has an agenda. Which is not an altogether bad thing; merely something that needs to be examined as carefully as he examines the events of that day.

There was an undeniably racist element in the savage war between Japan and the U.S., and those attitudes are a long way from dead. Examples range from the trivial—such as Admiral Halsey’s crack that the “Japs are losing their grip, even with their tails,” to the deplorable internment of U.S. citizens of Japanese descent. But, well, but you can also say that it was hardly American racism that defined the war. The true racists were the Japanese, who eagerly allied themselves with the most notoriously racist government in all of history. The Japanese had been fighting an offensive war for ten years before they attacked the United States. They made slaves of those they conquered.

And while the U.S. has engaged in *mea culpas* for the internment policy and paid reparations to its victims, the Japanese still refuse to compensate their Korean victims. The Japanese believed, before Pearl Harbor and now, in their destiny to rule and the good fortune of those they chose to subdue.

If the American obsession with sabotage from Japanese fifth columnists was a mistake, and even a mistake grounded in racism, it does not follow that the U.S. was surprised on December 7, 1941, because of bigotry. In fact, with time, the ability of the Japanese to catch the Americans unprepared seems less and less impressive. As a nation, we make a habit out of being surprised. We were surprised when the North Koreans crossed the 38th Parallel. Surprised again when the Chinese invaded. We were surprised when the Soviets got the bomb. Surprised when the Wall went up in Berlin and, again, when it came down. Surprised at Tet. And when Iraq invaded Kuwait. In fact, one sometimes wonders why we bother staffing a CIA—except for the entertainment value of its periodic scandals—since

Americans are hooked on surprise and the CIA might actually deprive us now and then of our fix.

Finding racism, then, as the key to our defeat at Pearl Harbor seems like a reach, an attempt to give it a trendy slant, a touch of modern liberal guilt. The same, it seems, is true of Clarke’s attempt to link Pearl Harbor in spirit with Hiroshima.

“If you believe,” he writes, “as I do, that the humiliation of Pearl Harbor contributed to the willingness to drop atomic weapons on Hiroshima and Nagasaki and is responsible in part for current attitudes toward Japan, then December 6 was a last chance to avoid more than a single day of carnage.”

By this logic, racism led to our humiliation at Pearl Harbor and, therefore, to the use of the bomb. This is another bold reach on Clarke’s part. The decision to use the bomb will be debated forever. But just as the Japanese were willing to attack Pearl Harbor for their own reasons (racist or otherwise), it seems clear they, too, would have used the bomb if only they’d had one. After the destruction of Hiroshima, the Japanese government summoned the head of its nuclear program to Tokyo and asked if he could produce a bomb within six months. Presumably, Japan’s rulers did not intend to drop it on Koreans.

Throughout the book, Clarke takes Americans to task for their belief that “Pearl Harbor was the result not of Japanese bravery, skill, and tactics, but of subversion and sabotage.” Fair enough. But the problem is not one of racial insensitivity as much as amnesia. During this fiftieth anniversary, Pearl Harbor will be the subject of endless books, articles, and television shows. In fact, Clarke’s book will be the main source for a two-hour CBS documentary, allowing Americans to relive, once again, their most disastrous ordeal of arms, to pick at the scab of their own military ineptitude.

One longs for the book and network documentary that would tell the story of how, six months later, U.S. Navy pilots sank three of the Japanese carriers that attacked Pearl Harbor in five minutes, accomplishing one of the greatest strategic reversals in all of history, a victory to stand with Salamis, Leptano, and Trafalgar. Or of how the U.S. Marines held Guadalcanal for weeks against superior Japanese forces, during which time they



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were once reduced to a single operational fighter plane.

Those are not stories about racism

and complacency and do not touch on the trendy theme of guilt. Those ghosts, then, are left in peace. □

Race to the End

TERENCE P. JEFFREY

IN 1988, then-House Majority Whip Tony Coelho convened a task force of Democratic congressmen to draft a new social agenda for the party. But when some members pushed the group to declare that the work ethic was "the core value of society," it proved too radical for Representative Gus Hawkins, a black who then served as chairman of the House Education and Labor Committee. Hawkins, reports Brown, declared the statement "would be seen as a slap in the face to welfare recipients." The other Democrats backed down.

But if, in 1988, the Democratic majority in Congress was paralyzed with guilt over the plight of black America, the heart of what had been the par-

Minority Party: Why Democrats Face Defeat in 1992 and Beyond, by Peter Brown (Regnery Gateway, 350 pp., \$21.95)

ty's white middle-class constituency wasn't bleeding any more. Back in 1985, after watching Fritz Mondale rack up a grand total of 13 electoral votes against Ronald Reagan, the Democratic leadership felt so lost stumbling to rediscover the political homeland of the white middle class that it paid a marketing firm \$250,000 just to point it in the right direction. Five thousand individual interviews and 33 "focus groups" later, the firm came back with some bad news: white "Southern moderates and Northern, mostly Catholic, urban and newly suburban ethnic voters," it said, viewed the Democratic Party as the champion of "liberals on the one hand and special interests (blacks, gays, Hispanics, feminists, and labor) on the other."

In *Minority Party*, Peter Brown explores this phenomenon, focusing especially on the relationship between the Democrats and blacks. "Whether it is tourists being stabbed on the New

York subway; Detroit blacks setting their city ablaze every Halloween; D.C. Mayor Marion Barry using crack . . . or Los Angeles gang wars," writes Brown, "urban/black America evokes the hostility and fear of most middle-class whites." Whites who in the 1960s marched with Martin Luther King, flirted with free love, and burned joints, draft cards, and college administration buildings, in the 1980s were struggling with two incomes to pay a mortgage in a safe suburb, send their children to good schools, and protect their meager savings from inflation. They also were voting for Reagan.

The Democrats alienated the white middle class, Brown argues, by carrying the civil-rights movement too far. Middle-class whites, Brown believes, draw their image of blacks from only

a "small slice of black America," but they are not racist. They believe in a level playing field. The problem is that the Democratic Party doesn't, and by tilting the field it creates a conflict of interests between the races. Brown's middle-class white typically resents the possibility he could lose out on a job or a promotion to a less-qualified black because of a Democrat-mandated racial quota. He is outraged by a Democrat-created justice system that fails to jail criminals—a disproportionate number of whom are black. And he hates paying taxes to subsidize the idleness of a seemingly permanent black underclass.

These sources of white disaffection with the party of the New Deal and the Great Society, Brown concludes, add up to a "minus sum" political equation. The more Democrats appeal to their traditional black constituency, the more they alienate their traditional white one. Because more than 80 per cent of American voters are white, the Democrats have more to lose by losing the whites.

Thus when Jesse Jackson ran for President that same year, fellow Democratic candidates responded to his re-

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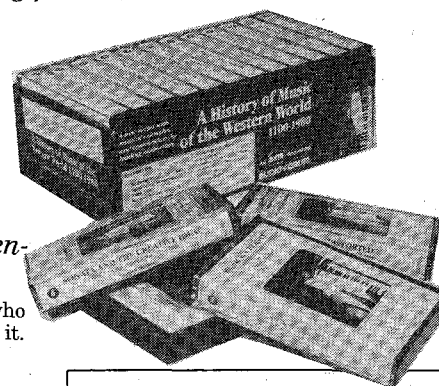
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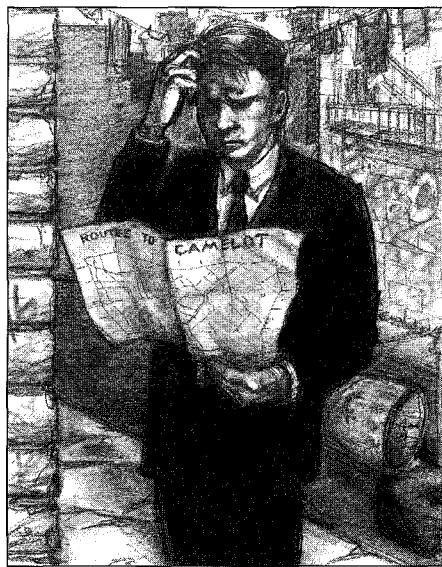
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Mr. Jeffrey is an editorial writer at the Washington Times.

distributionist rantings with a studied respect and collegiality normally reserved for congressional-ethics hearings probing the corruption of fellow Democratic legislators. Middle-class whites, Brown contends, responded with fear and loathing. Translated into demographics, the Democratic hypersensitivity to the demands of Jackson and people like him injures not only Democratic presidential aspirations, but also Democratic hopes of maintaining a congressional majority forever. A largely white population, moving south and west and to the suburbs, will not long continue punching ballots for politicians who push the interests of a Northeastern, urban underclass.

As a road map to show the Democratic Party the way back to Camelot, Mr. Brown's theory may or may not be



Janet Hamlin

adequate. He suggests, for example, Virginia Governor Douglas Wilder and Arkansas Governor Bill Clinton as politicians who have tapped into a coalition that could elect Democrats in the future. The idea is to deprecate affirmative action, crime, and taxes just enough to win more than 40 per cent of the whites, but not so much to lose the Jackson block and the Stanford faculty.

But as social theory, Mr. Brown's analysis leans a little too much to the assumption that voters are motivated principally by material interests. The Democrats' 1985 voter survey hinted at the truth when it showed whites rejecting the party because it had become the party of "blacks, gays, Hispanics, feminists, and labor." This is an oddly mismatched set: blacks and Hispanics are created by God; homo-

sexuality, feminism, and managerialized labor unions are the handiwork of man. And most middle-class whites understand the distinction.

Had Mr. Brown probed the attitude of the white middle class toward homosexuality, feminism, and big labor as deeply as he probed its attitude toward blacks, he would have developed a fuller model of a class still devoted (as is much of black America) to a culture defined by the values of self-reli-

ance, family, and fear of God. But the ideology that supports the homosexual and feminist subcultures is anti-family and irreligious, while big labor favors a big government that engenders a dependent citizenry.

The American politicians who will win the firmest majorities will be those who project a sincere belief in the faith, the family, and, as Tony Coelho's group once tried to put it, the work ethic. □

The Complex Road to Simplicity

MATTHEW SCULLY

ONE is always a little suspicious of anything calling itself "Higher." Things that are really lofty or transcendent are usually so by unspoken acknowledgment, and don't need the spatial modifier to remind us of the deference due them. Readers in search of a scholarly interpretation of the Gospels will therefore not be reassured to find the author identifying himself as a practitioner of "Higher Biblical Criticism." And indeed this, one discovers, is the modest name adopted by the whole field of modern Biblical critics, including 114 authors cited in a bibliography listing "New Views on Jesus."

In the old days, Max Dimont writes in *Appointment in Jerusalem: A Search for the Historical Jesus*, "The penalty for entertaining any other view [than sanctioned by Christian tradition] was usually painful death. Not until . . . the Age of Rationalism did men dare to question this version.

***Appointment in Jerusalem: A Search for the Historical Jesus*, by Max I. Dimont (St. Martin's, 192 pp., \$17.50)**

A new theological discipline was born, that of higher Biblical criticism . . . [T]he evangelists' accounts began to shatter . . . Thus, "the melancholy task of the historian is to set faith aside, ignore expediency, and view facts dispassionately."

Although Mr. Dimont writes in a tone of curiosity and good will, this account of how the Higher Criticism was

"born" does not sound very scholarly. Nor dispassionate. Nor even melancholy. It has the self-serving ring of mythology, with the Higher Critic as our new man of sorrows, born of pure reason, and leading us down the academic *Via Dolorosa* to hard facts.

His "facts" stand against what he calls the "improbabilities, impossibilities, and contradictions in which the Gospels abound." These suggest that the texts "grew backward," with the writers beginning at the Cross (an historical event not in dispute, Mr. Dimont believes) and reconstructing prior events to fit that ending—and not always getting their stories straight. So for instance only Luke mentions the Roman census that supposedly brought Joseph and Mary to Nazareth, "a census for which there is no historical evidence," while Matthew gives a different chain of events. Were these both inventions to satisfy the twin prophecies that the Messiah be born in Bethlehem, as required by Micah 5:2, yet also be the "Nazarene" foretold in Hosea?

Or take the resurrection of Lazarus. It appears only in John, the last Gospel to be written. Would not all four writers have thought to mention such a miracle, if it really happened? Or might it have been a bit of artistry on John's part?

Matthew, Mark, and Luke, moreover, all say Jesus was arrested on Friday by Jews, tried by the Sanhedrin, taken to Pilate at daybreak, and crucified that morning, dying at midday. In John, He is arrested by a Roman cohort on Thursday, tried only by Romans, and raised to the Cross in the afternoon, dying at nine. Might the

Mr. Scully is NR's Higher Assistant Literary Editor.

Pharisees and Sanhedrin in fact be innocent, hauled by the later evangelists into a Roman affair? "To find the answers to these and other related puzzles, the scholars placed the evangelists in the witness box. . . . Amazing discrepancies in the testimony emerged." The witnesses discredited, Mr. Dimont proceeds through a set of "more likely" speculations about who this Jesus really was and what He really did. Having considered "The Seven Faces of Jesus," He settles on composite, the "historical Jesus," who, doubtless sincerely thinking himself the Messiah, set about to fulfill prophesy, thus consciously orchestrating His own martyrdom. Where He failed, the evangelists thoughtfully inserted the appropriate details.

Putting Mr. Dimont on the stand for a moment, one could note the self-validating quality of his argument: Where the Gospels differ, that suggests one or another is a fabrication. But if they're in accord on other points—as they are on most—that suggests conspiracy.

Or we could ask why, if the evangelists were making this stuff up, the last of them—John, writing in about A.D. 100—did not get the story straight once and for all. Even later, a good editor could have worked the copy into shape in no time at all: snipping the improbabilities sure to invite derision; removing Jesus' still more awkward assertion that all these things would be done before this generation had passed away; putting the "Sermon on the Mount" into Mark's Gospel (how could he have forgotten *that!*); and maybe adding a few harmless anecdotes from the protagonist's boyhood to fill in that mysterious 18-year gap. The temptation must have been strong, and no doubt the early Church had many able volunteers. It may be the best evidence of their veracity that they didn't, offering instead the explanation that the documents were "the Word of God in the words of men"—an old formulation that still answers most of Mr. Dimont's objections.

Or, again, as C. S. Lewis long ago pointed out, whether one is or is not a follower, regarding Jesus as a wise and humble ethical guide is not an option, for wise and humble ethical guides do not claim to be God among us. The limited choices—Liar, Lunatic, or Lord—thus incline one to belief.

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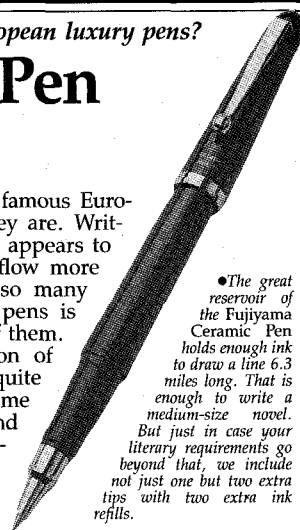
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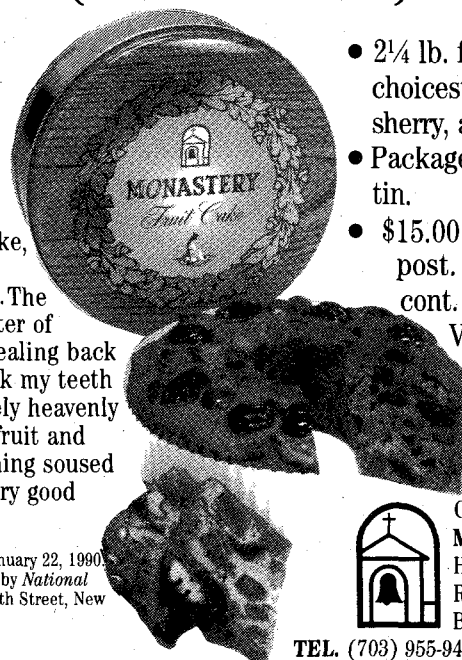
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NATIONAL REVIEW, January 22, 1990
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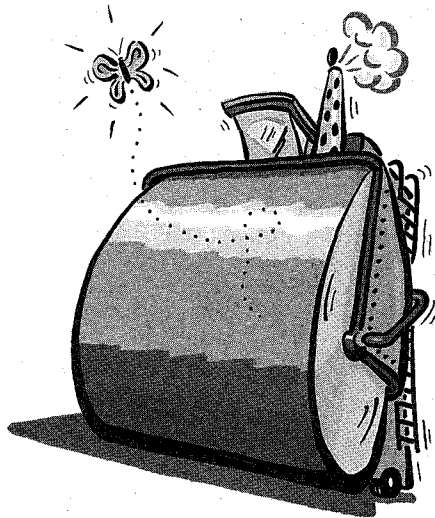
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though, you begin to wonder if Mr. Dimont and those 114 authors advancing their various "New Views on Jesus" are not engaged in trying to kill a butterfly with a steamroller. The disclosure that the New Testament contains improbabilities is as recent as, oh, A.D. 101, and once we set aside modern caricatures of Bryan and Dar-



row, darkness and light, the more interesting question becomes, Why have so many great minds nevertheless embraced this mystery? Were Aquinas, Dante, Pascal, Milton, Dostoyevsky, and Solzhenitsyn illogical people, failing to notice what it took the higher critic to reveal?

Rigorous inquiry requires an examination of motive. Might the Age of Rationalism also be the Age of Arrogance, the search for a New Jesus an escape from the old one, and the sophistication of high criticism a veiling of the innocent eyes with which the Gospels ask to be read? Perhaps the best way to read the narratives is with a sharp, questioning mind, yet also a heart willing to respond if suddenly and unexpectedly called by name, like Zacchaeus in his tree, or Matthew sitting there at his tax table adding up the day's take.

Mr. Dimont's hard facts do indeed make one step back from the whole amazing story and ask, "Do I *really* believe all this?" And in that he performs a useful service. But why then is one still led by the Voice like no other, through all the improbabilities and murky mistranslations and healthy doubts, to answer "Yes"?

What is clear, in any case, is that the new and higher approach somehow leads to the same error for which

we deride the clerics of old who ferociously disputed whether a particular splinter belonged to the One True Cross or whether Veronica's veil really carried His image: a preoccupation with the props and trivia at the expense of the theme.

There is, one is reminded at the end of *Appointment in Jerusalem*, a staggering credulity of which only the determined skeptic, doubting everything but his own disbelief, is capable—an intellectual equivalent of the first-shall-be-last principle. Thus we find Mr. Dimont wondering if perhaps the Crucifixion itself was not a hoax gone awry. On the Cross

Jesus said, "I thirst." Was this a code phrase? A "bystander" just happened to have a vessel full of vinegar at hand; he immediately saturated a sponge with the vinegar and raised it on a reed to the mouth of Jesus. . . . Vinegar, which is a stimulant, should have revived Jesus. Instead he seemingly died. Was he perhaps only in a coma, according to some theories, knocked out with a drug to give the semblance of death?

The idea would then be to cart Him off to a tomb, so that after a few days He could miraculously step forward, "resurrected"—the celebrity deriving from this feat worth even the agonies it required.

Jesus said *Be ye as wise as serpents, and as harmless as doves*—exactly the advice a "subversive would give his fellow 'undercover agents.'" The cleansing of the Temple likewise suggests "a military action"; hence Jesus "the unsuccessful aspirant for the crown of King David." And what of His forgiveness of sinners like Mary Magdalene? "In clinical terms, this drastic cure effected a strong emotional transference to Jesus, and she became one of his most devoted followers."

Doubtless it would seem too pedestrian for a higher critic to say simply that Mary was converted because she found in the love of Jesus everything that her heart longed for. The mysteries of faith and love are always elusive because both, as Mary and much of humanity had somehow figured out before the Age of Rationalism, have to be experienced to be understood—and, in Christianity's paradoxical way, even then only gain in mystery. Neither comes to the merely curious, and both carry the precondition of a pure heart, the only reliable guide down the complex road to simplicity. The rationalism modern scholars bring to the pursuit is necessary and admirable, but something else is required too. Maybe a little more emotional transference. □

FILM

Stick Figures in Depth

JOHN SIMON

MARTIN SCORSESE'S *Cape Fear* is one of the costliest and most elaborate duds to come out of Hollywood, which, given the state of our culture, need not prevent it from becoming an enormous hit. I have not re-seen J. Lee Thompson's 1962 *Cape Fear*, but I recall it as a fairly incredible, slickly commercial film that nevertheless made it on a memorable performance, full of genial menace, by Robert Mitchum as a psychotic ex-convict returned to wreak vengeance on a witness who sent him to jail, and on the man's pretty wife and nubile daughter.

Scorsese and his screenwriter, Wes-

ley Strick, have tried to make what was a clear-cut good-versus-evil story into something more complex and subtle. But the plot is not one that lends itself to subtle complexities, and the Strick-Scorsese notions of what these might be are far too schematic. They are, in fact, a set of mostly liberal clichés.

Thus Sam Bowden is changed from a passing lawyer into the defender who, recognizing Max Cady, his client, for the beast he is, withholds some evidence about the victim of Max's rape and savage battery having been a promiscuous woman. As if rape were not rape and battery not battery if the victim is not a Vestal virgin. Still, this is supposed to humanize Max and de-pedestalize Sam. Moreover, Sam may be contemplating cheating on his wife,

Mr. Simon, NR's film critic, is also theater critic for New York magazine.

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Leigh, with Lori, a legal secretary at his firm (played atrociously by Illeana Douglas). Once, years ago, he was unfaithful, and Leigh has never stopped suspecting him. This incident was so traumatic that the Bowdens left Connecticut for the fictional Southern town of New Essex, a ploy allowing them not to have to master Southern accents, which, on top of persecution by the vengeful Max Cady, might be too hard on them.

Leigh is an edgy woman who, despite good sex, will erupt at her husband and seems not a little tempted by murderous Max's raw sexuality when our psychotic gets around to her. But she has been hurt by Sam, you see. Similarly, Lori, after Max conquers her, manacles her to the bed, bites off half her cheek (*Silence of the Lambs*, one of the many ghostly influences haunting this film), and beats her mercilessly, refuses to testify against him. This is partly to protect Sam from possible revelations at a trial, but even more because, as a law secretary, she knows the onus a patriarchal society dumps on women who testify against their rapists: a remnant of

anachronistic feminism tossed into the brew.

Another cliché is that of the underloved child, exposed to the parents' jealous rantings and unsupported in her own emotional needs. This is the case of 15-year-old Danielle, misunderstood by mom and dad, and thus ripe for Max's demonic trap. Posing as the school's new drama teacher, Max lures Danielle for an interview into the school's full-scale theater, nestled, preposterously, amid the catacomb-like corridors of the high school's basement. Here Max, who has gained unimpeded entrance, sits on the set (for a production of *Little Red Riding Hood*, it would seem) in ominous chiaroscuro, while the rest of the auditorium is empty and dark—hardly the way to meet your new students.

Already during a phone call the night before, Max fed Danielle all the "in" platitudes about performance psychology. A master of contemporary theatrical jargon as of everything else, he offers her some friendly marijuana (tea?) and sympathy for her troubles with her unresponsive family, both of which she haltingly but gratefully ac-

cepts. He then proceeds to a pep talk about Henry Miller's *Sexus* trilogy, which leads to his fondling the girl, sticking his thumb suggestively into her mouth, and finally kissing her passionately on the lips. Excited, abashed, confused, Danielle runs off, only to come into yet greater conflict with her dad. A copy of *Sexus* duly materializes on the Bowdens' front stoop and is eagerly appropriated by the love-starved girl.

Max, it seems, can enter the Bowden residence at will, terrorizing the family with sundry small mementos, such as poisoning the beloved pooch, a misdeed before which the otherwise not so squeamish camera modestly shuts its eye. Even more extraordinary than his *passe-partout* gift is the education Max has acquired in his 14 years' imprisonment, seven of them brought on by his murdering a fellow inmate: "I needed vice in the joint to remind me that I'm human." Underneath the heavy irony, this nevertheless suggests that we are all guilty, and that being gang-raped by fellow prisoners can make anyone vicious.

(Continues on page 60)

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SIMON
(Continued from page 58)

Maybe so, but the facile, by-the-numbers way of dragging in every imaginable horror does not make the script more persuasive or the moral issues more compelling.

In any case, having entered the

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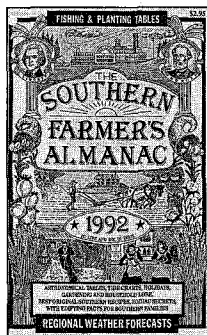
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state pen an illiterate, Max comes out with an imposing education. Granted, 14 years is longer than the standard undergraduate and graduate program, but it is also incomparably more thorough. Not only has Max learned the law better than Sam, he also lives in easy familiarity with writers as diverse as Henry Miller and Angelus Silesius, the seventeenth-century German mystical poet, whom he casually quotes. His vocabulary is extensive and sesquipedalian, and his physical condition, no doubt to accommodate a *mens sana*—or, at any rate, *docta*—is phenomenal. So much so that when three hired goons attack him one night (Sam having paid a ruthless private eye some extra money for this sort of battery additive) and belabor him with crowbars and heavy chains, he rises, only slightly bloodied, and dispatches the thugs one by one.

As has been noted, Max is modeled in part on Rasputin. But the Russian colossus had to contend only with jaded aristocrats, not with red-blooded rednecks. I won't enumerate all the indignities and injuries Max incurs on land and sea—by fire, water, and even earth—to emerge bruised but uncowed. And this is not to mention the indomitable mental prowess with which he infiltrated the Bowdens' histories, defenses, and minds: Cagliostro, Houdini, Arsène Lupin had nothing on him; he can even speak in tongues. But his manifold talents may still be modest compared to those of Martin Scorsese, who directs with the unleashed ferocity of a raging bull.

First, the soundtrack is souped up so high that a mere opening door or receiver lifted off a phone becomes a firecracker going off in our faces. Similarly, the unnerving original 1962 score by Bernard Herrmann (an able composer) has been goosed by Elmer Bernstein (a less able one) into sheer aural hysteria. Then the directoral tricks go truly haywire. An ordinary game of squash is shot as if it were the Battle of the Bulge; a scene of lovemaking will suddenly go into monochrome, thence into negative exposure. Max appears as a kind of hologram to Sam starting from his sleep; he assumes a murderous disguise lifted from *Psycho*; his body and arms are covered with menacing, partly Biblical tattoos, both words and images, derived from the Mitchum character in *Night of the Hunter*, but

exaggerated into making him a walking hieroglyph.

The Bowdens' very house—what with clouds racing past against a lurid sky or, at night, a superabundance of stars with the odd meteor thrown in—looks like something out of *Friday the 13th*, with whatever the \$34-million budget could buy by way of added ballast. And after the Bowdens are stupid enough to escape onto a yacht off isolated Cape Fear (!), the final confrontation on that tempest-tossed craft among the reefs is exaggerated to the point at which a Tom and Jerry or Roadrunner cartoon would blush deep scarlet. We are subjected to a frenzy of camera movement, cutting, and lighting, making it effectively impossible to unscramble what is going on most of the time, though unlike, say, a Disney short, this overlong live-action cartoon seems to be meant to be taken seriously.

The director shows off in every conceivable way. For example, when Max phones Danielle in the guise of her new drama teacher, he is hanging by his knees from an exercise bar, so that the camera shoots him upside down, then flip-flops to make him look right-side-up, but with the room around him stood on its head. Why? Mere baroque excess. The same goes for Robert De Niro's entertaining but over-the-top performance as Max, which includes a wardrobe, hairstyle, and cracker accent to frighten little children and slay anyone over the age of six.

The performances of the elder Bowdens—tense Nick Nolte and languid Jessica Lange—are strictly machine-made. But Juliette Lewis is a tremulous, engaging Danielle, disturbed yet luminous, and Robert Mitchum (in an *homage* to the original version) is nicely wry as a pragmatic police chief. Two other such homages backfire: Martin Balsam, as a judge improbably quoting Booker T. Washington, is undercut by Scorsese; Gregory Peck, as a cunning but rascally Southern-gentlemanish lawyer, by his own lack of talent. But Joe Don Baker is fine as the ruthless private eye, naturally a crooked ex-cop.

The main problem, though, is Scorsese: not alert enough to understand that psychological ambiguities do not belong on stick figures in simplistic situations, and that it takes a lot of minor credibilities to make a few whopping incredibilities possible. □

TRANS-O-GRAM/ Kem Putney

1	D	2	M	3	E	4	X			5	C	6	K	7	P	8	Q	9	A	10	G	11	Z	12	T			13	N	14	C	15	M	16	P	17	A	18	H	19	<u>I</u>			20	<u>O</u>	21	Q		
22	D	23	T	24	N	25	E			26	<u>O</u>	27	J	28	L	29	C			30	H	31	<u>I</u>	32	K			33	E	34	Q	35	V	36	S			37	P	38	D	39	<u>I</u>	40	L				
41	Y	42	a	43	R	44	N			45	<u>O</u>	46	Q			47	L	48	W	49	F	50	E	51	A	52	M			53	<u>O</u>	54	U	55	P			56	C	57	B	58	H	59	Q	60	D		
61	K			62	N	63	X			64	G	65	A	66	M	67	Q	68	H	69	<u>O</u>	70	S			71	J	72	D			73	<u>I</u>	74	U	75	W			76	K	77	L	78	a				
79	H	80	A	81	K	82	Q	83	Z	84	X	85	<u>I</u>	86	C	87	W	88	J			89	H	90	<u>O</u>	91	V			92	R	93	M	94	B	95	Z	96	D	97	T	98	F	99	P				
100	A	101	G	102	J	103	Q	104	Z	105	M			106	E	107	H	108	<u>O</u>	109	T	110	a	111	K	112	D	113	Y	114	G	115	Q			116	X	117	E			118	<u>I</u>	119	V	120	F		
121	C	122	U	123	H	124	N	125	P	126	K	127	M			128	<u>O</u>	129	R	130	E	131	X			132	A	133	S	134	Z	135	<u>O</u>	136	a	137	G	138	V	139	E			140	Z	141	T		
142	Y	143	Q	144	W	145	M	146	C			147	B	148	N	149	D			150	P	151	K	152	A	153	D	154	J	155	Y	156	S	157	G	158	a	159	V			160	M	161	X	162	<u>I</u>		
		163	R	164	G	165	<u>I</u>	166	F	167	J	168	Y	169	B			170	P	171	E			172	N			173	T	174	B	175	<u>O</u>	176	J	177	E	178	L	179	Z	180	G	181	U	182	F		
		183	Z	184	L	185	M	186	D	187	V			188	W	189	N			190	C	191	K	192	Q	193	E	194	T	195	L			196	P	197	R	198	H			199	a	200	<u>I</u>	201	L		
202	S	203	H			204	J	205	W	206	A	207	U	208	F			209	X	210	D	211	<u>O</u>			212	Q	213	H	214	P																		

DEFINITIONS

- | | | | |
|--|--------------------------------------|---|-----------------------------------|
| A. Spicy West Indian stew | 152 80 132 17 51 9 100 206 65 | N. Gridiron respite | 148 172 24 189 44 62 124 13 |
| B. Like a messy rodent's abode | 174 94 147 57 169 | O. Unproductive | 175 108 211 26 53 45 135 20 69 90 |
| C. William Peter Blatty topic | 121 14 56 190 5 86 146 29 | | 128 |
| D. Romeo and Juliet, for example | 186 1 149 112 72 210 153 38 60 96 | P. Yard implements | 37 150 214 7 16 170 196 125 55 99 |
| | 22 | Q. Wade Boggs training ground (2 words) | 192 67 46 21 212 115 103 59 143 8 |
| E. Not working | 130 117 139 25 171 193 106 50 177 33 | | 82 34 |
| F. Inane chatter | 182 98 49 120 208 166 | R. Bitter | 197 43 163 92 129 |
| | 3 | S. Knitter's tall tales | 36 156 133 202 70 |
| G. <i>Brave New World's</i> favorite science | 164 101 180 10 157 137 114 64 | T. Likes more | 173 194 97 109 23 141 12 |
| H. Bismarck's locale (2 words) | 123 107 79 30 58 203 213 68 198 18 | U. Unhidden | 54 207 181 122 74 |
| | 89 | V. Beliefs | 138 35 159 91 119 187 |
| I. Penny-pinchers | 200 73 118 31 85 39 165 162 19 | W. Certain carmakers | 48 188 205 87 144 75 |
| J. Munich resident's favorite cream | 102 154 176 71 27 167 204 88 | X. Moment | 116 161 131 209 84 4 63 |
| K. How candidates like to run | 191 126 76 151 81 6 61 32 111 | Y. Staffordshire's river | 168 155 142 113 41 |
| L. San Juan Capistrano regulars | 195 47 201 178 184 28 77 40 | Z. Wild with joy | 179 183 11 95 134 83 104 140 |
| M. Cardiologist's emotional pangs? | 93 145 160 66 127 185 105 2 15 52 | a. Stool pigeon | 199 78 110 136 158 42 |

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 59 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

Exit Dukeism?

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 18

The election returns on Saturday (let's face it) gravely disappointed a number of professional Democrats. You see, these Democrats are a) professionally committed to toleration; and b) professionally committed to trying to discredit the Republican Party. So here they were with a Republican candidate who had been a member of the Ku Klux Klan and a Nazi sympathizer. What could better serve the interests of the professional Democrats than to have such a person, running as a Republican, sweep into office as governor of Louisiana? Too good to be true! The political equivalent of a Communist Party fellow-traveler, on record as defending Joe Stalin, getting elected governor of New York.

Now, the whole Republican establishment from George Bush down repudiated David Duke, saying: Rather than vote for *this* Republican, vote Democratic. But that didn't slow down the Democratic profiteers, not a bit. What they began to say was that although Duke was formally disaffiliated from the KKK and the Nazis, in fact he was using a language (opposition to affirmative action and to welfare opportunism) encoded to transact KKK-Nazi goals in Republican Newspeak. And what conclusions should good Americans draw? Obvious: Vote against Republicans.

In order to drive home this threat to the Red White & Blue, much of the press rallied hysterically to the grand old flag. One columnist, two days before the election, quoted the experiences of a friend of long standing, a thoroughbred patriot who had fought in the war against Nazism. This gentleman, who had become a full-time anti-Duke operator, was lavishly quoted. "I love Louisiana, but I'm hurting for this state. I'm embarrassed. I think of Duke as the AIDS virus of politics." Again: "I'm depressed as hell about it because he can win. He's a fraud, but you win or lose elections on TV and on TV he comes across as Mr. Wonderful." And the columnist closes, dolefully, "[My friend] is convinced that

Duke will not only be elected governor of Louisiana, but has a mad plan to run for President some day. And that prospect does frighten him."

And obviously that prospect frightened the columnist. One doesn't talk about what frightens the pathologically sick. If I write in this space, "My friend Joe Blow is truly frightened that the Communist sympathizers are going to take over," I am saying that I think this a significant threat.

Well. What happened, we now know, was not a close race but a total repudiation of a reptilian creature who, if he had really experienced a rebirth, should have spent a decent interval not running for office, but expiating his past in a monastery. David Duke is a fraud, though not quite a transparent fraud, and this is so because he said many things that honorable Americans believe. The task at hand for Republican professionals, of whom Mr. Bush, in virtue of his office, is the leader, is to distinguish the thoughts from the accretions that attach to the person who spoke those thoughts. If it is true that Republicans who oppose affirmative action and welfare profligacy bring to mind the Ku Klux Klan, then one can argue that because many of the proposals made by Karl Marx in the *Communist Manifesto* are imbedded in the last six Democratic platforms, it follows that every Democrat who is running for office is, for all intents and purposes, a Communist.

Is it possible for adults, Democrats and Republicans, to converse with one another across the enfilade action of the violent, violence-enhancing partisans? The columnist quoted above, having de-

voted the first half of his space to pronouncing the probability of a Duke victory, concludes, "There's been enough talk about being a kinder and gentler nation. A thousand points of light and all that kissy-face nonsense. Those thousand points of light are beady eyes, glaring with hate, envy, and resentment."

Odd, isn't it, that some of the most agitated preachers of toleration see beady-eyed hate, envy, and resentment in those little councils of civic concern and philanthropy hailed by George Bush as the substructure of American good will: yes, the Boy Scouts, the community councils, the soup kitchens, the vocational training councils, the blood donors—what some of us are pleased to call points of light. Yes, there is much to learn from the candidacy of David Duke, beyond the overwhelming repudiation he got from the voters of Louisiana. It's like Joe McCarthy: In the end, his enemies were more interesting than he was. □

Economic Blues

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 15

1. It is glaringly clear that whatever the White House's internal evaluation of the problem, it has failed to radiate the kind of concern that the American people want. Never mind the cold economic indices, which place our plight at a relatively comfortable level, if compared to economic crises of very recent memory. Unemployment is just under 7 per cent, which is an ice age removed from the over-10-per-cent unemployment figure of 1980. And back then, we were reeling under the impact of an inflation rate of 13.5 per cent, gradually reduced by the Reagan Administration, and of interest rates up around 20 per cent. By those statistical standards, the current situation would appear to be mild.

But there are reasons for the gravity with which it is taken. One of these is that, with few exceptions, working households in America have, this time around, committed their total resources. Almost 65 per cent of women are working (even the networks suffer—from the relative shortage of soap-opera viewers). And there is a second critical factor, namely the absolute refusal of the real-estate market to recover. In 1982 the pause in the rise in the value of real estate, which is the principal capital stock of the American family, was merely that of the marathoner pausing to take a breath, and back it went, the value of houses soaring to new highs, giving out a sensation of economic amplitude. That



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sense of assurance is gone as families attempting either to meet their mortgage payments or to consider relocation find themselves frozen in place and using up their evanescent savings.

2. And the tendency of the public is—to blame the government. This isn't an ignorant reflex, for several reasons. The first of these is that ever since the ethos of the New Deal became a part of the public psychology, it has been taken for granted that when there is a social problem, it is the government's responsibility to handle it. In better days this would have been seen as illogical, and even now there are those who recognize that it isn't obvious just exactly how to blame the government for the rise in AIDS, or in illegitimacy, or in illiteracy. But sophisticated analysts would certainly be justified in blaming government for much that obviously stands in the way of economic recovery. It is as easy as to ask the question: How many more Americans would be profitably at work if the cost of their produce were reduced by the extent of the burden of sustaining government? But for government, we could produce a Ford Taurus for \$5,000. The bureaucratic cost of the health-care system alone eats up over \$100 billion, more than the cost of providing free health care to all Canadians.

And yet the instinct of the afflicted is: to ask government to do more, even as acting Senator Harris Wofford in Pennsylvania became full-time Senator Wofford by proposing that the same people who gave us this \$100-billion bureaucratic overhead increase their responsibility for health care by simply doing more of the same.

3. Although it is widely accepted that the middle class especially is suffering, it isn't obvious to many who ask government to expand its role that such expansions are precisely at the expense of the middle class. When unemployment benefits are extended, or medical benefits made free, the burden of the middle class increases. The snake-oil salesmen cover themselves by ordaining that the "rich" should pay the cost; yet if taxes on the wealthy (\$100,000-plus yearly income) were doubled, the sums raised by such action would not begin to pay, for instance, for the bureaucratic cost of medicine, let alone for medicine. Moreover, experience has incandescently taught us that what happens the day after a rise in the tax rate is the retreat of the enterprising classes, on whom so very much depends. The acute analyst Charles Murray reminds us that whereas at the end of the Korean War less than one family in fifty thousand earned \$100,000

or more per year, the figure in 1988 was four families per hundred. Theirs is the capital pool on which the country depends. To declare war against the economically successful could win such as Mario Cuomo a standing ovation at a nominating convention, but the day after such as he takes power, we are headed back to Tobacco Road: of which he is the continuing national bard, whistling the old songs about hunger and shelter with the same surrealistic confidence with which, a generation after the Civil War, some Southerners sang Dixie, dreaming of the good old days. Mario Cuomo dreams about the bad old days. □

Screwing Up The Law

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 13

In politics, an ideologue is someone who permits his attachment to beliefs or principles or ideals to overwhelm his reading of facts. The ideologue is the Marxist farm manager on the east side of the border who, notwithstanding that the adjacent farm, privately managed in a free society, is producing 100,000 bushels of wheat on its 100-hectare spread, while his 100 hectares are producing only 25,000 bushels of wheat, enthusiastically continues to endorse collectivization.

Consider now the question of jury selection and the peremptory challenge.

The Supreme Court has agreed to rule on whether a defendant has the right to exclude a juror because of his race. The case in question involves three white owners of a dry-cleaning establishment in Georgia indicted on charges of assaulting two black customers. After that assault, influential blacks called for a boycott of the dry-cleaning business. The defendants' lawyers clearly intend to reject, up to the limit of their ration of peremptories, black jurors.

The Supreme Court had already ruled that in a criminal trial the prosecutors may not exercise their peremptory challenges so as to exclude someone on account of race. The Court's reasoning is that a prosecutor is acting on behalf of the state and the state cannot underwrite implicit discrimination. When the question later came up in a civil trial, the Court ruled that although the judge was neutral as between contending parties, still, the jury selection took place with the "overt, significant assistance of the court" and therefore had to be free of racial taint. Justice Anthony Kennedy

pointed out that a defense attorney is in an "adversarial relationship" with the state and ought not therefore to be restricted in the exercise of his peremptories. This issue will now be examined.

So what has happened to the term "peremptory"? Since when is the right to a "peremptory" challenge qualifiable?

Get now to practical questions. We acknowledge that there are racial tensions, not only in Georgia, but for instance in the Crown Heights section of Brooklyn. It is an inescapable part of the American lore that during the period of Reconstruction and well after, a white jury could be counted on to find a black defendant guilty if the charge was rape of a white woman. During the Sixties, one case was recorded (in New York) where a black juror said flatly to the press, after refusing to find a black defendant guilty against the tug of 11 dissenters, that "I would not find a black man guilty of anything."

Meanwhile, a few weeks ago, a judge in Queens asked a potential juror whether she were homosexual. Two men are up for murder, charged with killing a gay man in a case described by prosecutors as a "gay-bashing" spree. The judge asked one woman who was reported to have gay friends (as who does not?), "Are you now or have you ever been homosexual or bisexual?" The judge added, to ensure that his question should not be thought invidious, that he had gay people in his own family. The potential juror replied in the negative.

And now it is asked whether by merely asking the question, the judge behaved improperly. What might the judge be thinking? That a gay juror would be tempted to be protective toward gay victims?

But to rule that the question cannot be asked is to rule dogmatically that the question can have no relevance. That is very different from the question, Ought it to have relevance? To that question the answer is easy: No, it should not.

And no, it should not matter, in a case where the defendant is a white man being tried for torturing and killing ten black children, whether the juror is white or black. But it probably does matter, and only the ideologue would maintain the contrary. Any attempt to impose upon the law the abstractions of normative conduct is to rob the law of its touch with reality. The jury system is there to bind the court to reality. To attempt then to deprive the jury process of the kind of resilience built into it under common-law traditions is to ideologize the law—the mission of the ideologues. □

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Life of the Party

WASHINGTON is not a city of great character or charm. There are no funky dives where bookmakers belly up to the bar with tax attorneys, no dim little shops with unsold inventory from the Fifties. Washington was swept clean of these a generation ago, in a particularly tasteless fit of urban renewal. Today you can stand on many downtown streetcorners and see nothing that was there before, say, 1965.

It wears on you after a while, living in a village unpocked by the crotchets and idiosyncrasies you find in the more marginal neighborhoods of other cities, like Manhattan's East Village or Chicago's South Loop. The surrounding charmlessness is what makes Al's Magic Shop so precious. Cluttered and shamelessly disorganized and festooned with Halloween masks and ancient magic tricks, Al's has taken space in the lobby of a ribbon-windowed boxy office building a few blocks from the White House. For most of midcentury it was located in a worn-out block of Pennsylvania Avenue, before America's Main Street was handed over to developers for "luxury" apartments—and worse, to the boring Canadians, for their unspeakably ugly embassy.

Al's does not deal exclusively in parlor tricks or the wares of the professional magician. It caters too to man's shadowy nature. On your right as you enter Al's is a long display case, home to every conceivable variety of what the trade calls "gag gifts": Whoopee Cushions, Hand Buzzers, ice cubes with flies trapped in the middle, Sneezing Powder, and of course plastic Doggy Droppings, so shapely they could have been squeezed from hell's Dairy Queen machine. It is a groaning board of tastelessness, offering the indispensable tools of the

trade for men engaged in a calling I had feared was all but extinct—that of the Good Time Charley, the guy who never fails to be the Life of the Party.

I myself don't have the nerve to be a Good Time Charley, even after several drinks, but I can stare into this display case, stone sober, for half an hour, warming myself at the coals of human insidiousness. Gag gifts are inestimably enhanced by their packaging. Each bears an illustration, showing the effect the gag is intended to produce. For my money the illustrations are worth the price of the gag itself. The Floor Nickel, for example, is a perfect nickel with a nail soldered onto the Monticello side, the point being to pound the nail into the floor, Jefferson face up, and then wait for someone to try to pocket it. On the package, next to a picture of a burly fellow trying fecklessly to yank the nickel from the floor, are the words: "Nail it to the floor! Watch the suckers go for it! Lots of fun!"

Which is of course the whole point. Watching suckers is lots of fun, especially when, as the Good Time Charley knows, the world is overrun with them. The presumption is spelled out on the package for the Exploding Paper Clip. "There's one born every minute!" reads the legend, above a sketch of a man, his face twisted in pain and his fingers throbbing horri-



"Hi! I'm from the government, and I'm here to help you!"

bly, trying to ignore a chorus of faces contorted in hysterics behind him. There is no attempt to flatter the consumer in these illustrations, as there is in, say, automobile ads, where the driver is invariably mannequin-like in his pulchritude. In gag illustrations, the Good Time Charley—which is to say *you*, you incorrigible wiseacre you—is usually pictured as a bald fellow with a turnip nose, his mouth upturned to reveal rounded teeth, his brow descending maniacally over his gaga eyes. And before him, always, is the hapless victim, blushing at his (or sometimes her) own gullibility, or wincing in shame, or, best of all, experiencing a cardiovascular event.

WE ALL have strength enough to endure the misfortunes of others," La Rochefoucauld wryly wrote, and from there it is but a small step to *Schadenfreude*, a word coined by Germans, not the wackiest of the world's peoples, to denote the enjoyment taken from others' troubles. Gag gifts take it even further: enjoying others' troubles *after you yourself have caused them*. It is useless to try to stifle the turnip-nosed little baldy in the dark chambers of our soul. But of course Herculean efforts are undertaken to do so—not least by liberalism, Washington's reigning orthodoxy and father to the urban renewal that robbed the town of character and charm. That's why I'm so heartened by Al's. It is evidence of character, even of charm. It means that deep in the warrens of the FTC or the Bureau for Labor Statistics lurks a large number of Good Time Charleys. Who knows how high up this subversive influence goes? Is it possible to imagine, say, Nicholas

Brady passing around Garlic Candy to unsuspecting colleagues at a Cabinet meeting?

The cluttered walls of Al's suggest an answer. In the back, amazing to behold, is a picture of Al himself with, yes, then—Vice President Bush, who made yearly pilgrimages to Al's during the 1980s. One of the clerks told me that on each of these visits Mr. Bush made off with an armload of gag gifts. I don't know about you, but that's the most heartening thing I've heard about the Administration in a long time.

—ANDREW FERGUSON

Mr. Ferguson is an editorial writer for the Scripps Howard News Service.



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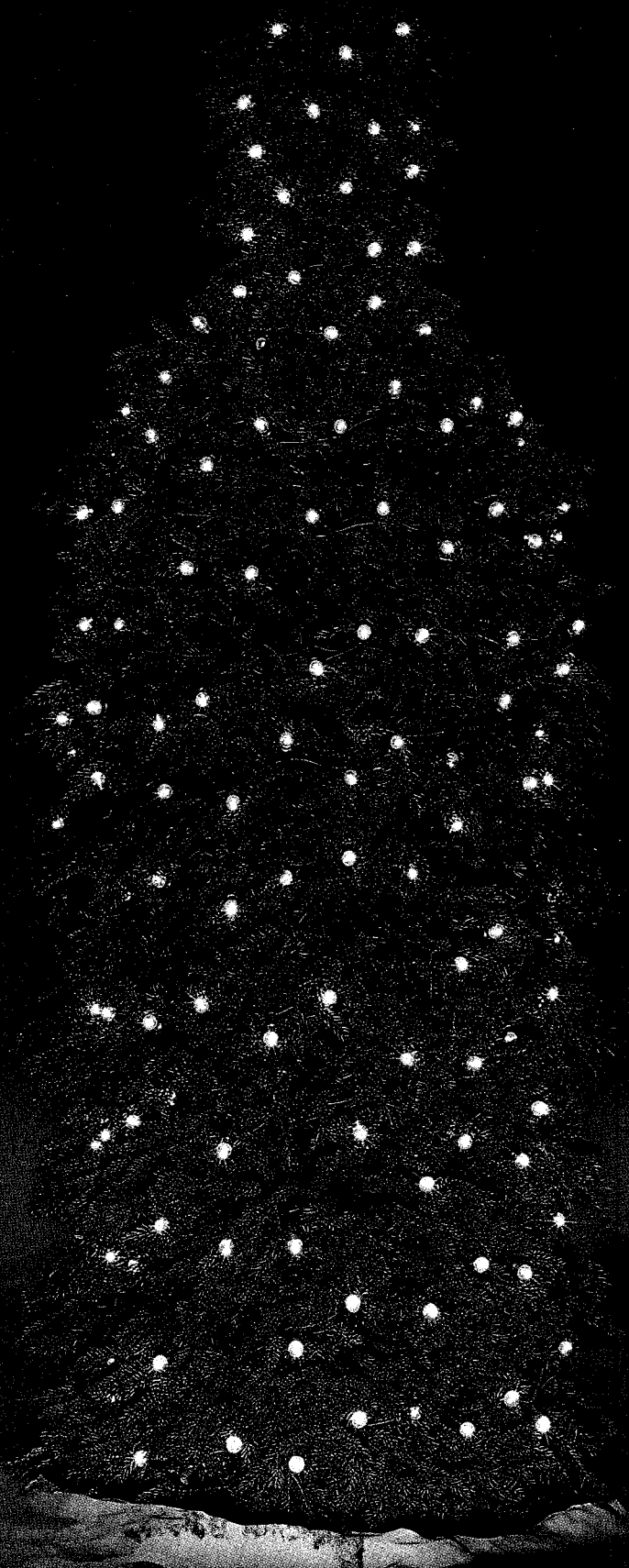
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